

The TATLER

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London
September 6, 1939



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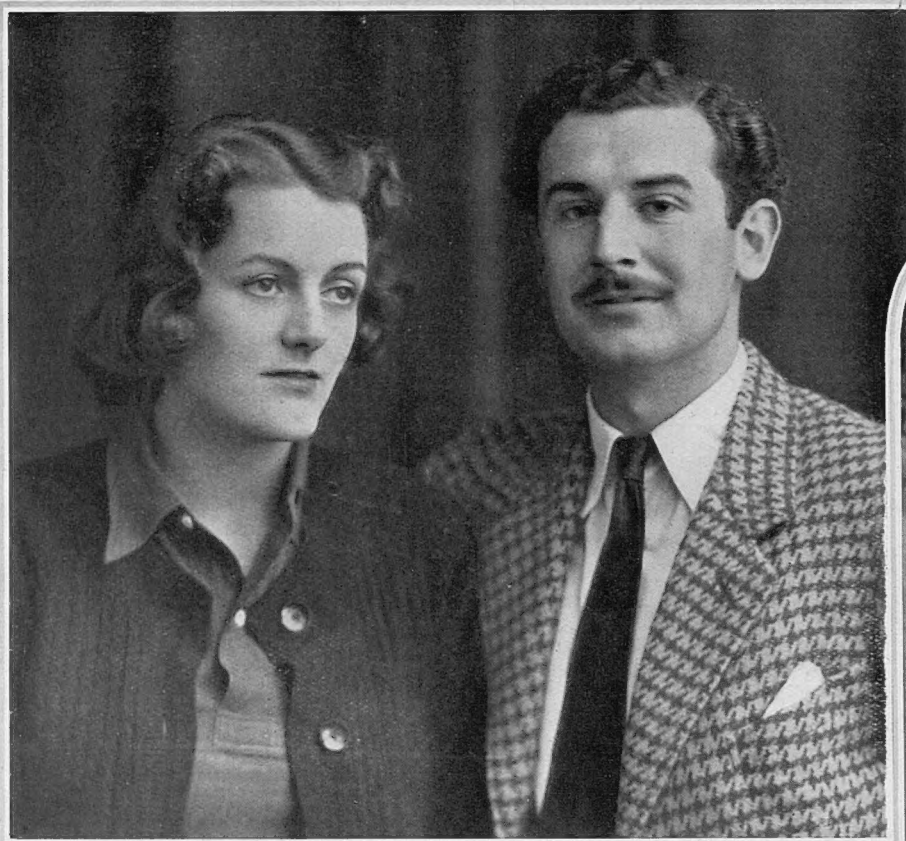
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NOT A CABINET PORTRAIT—UNFORTUNATELY

Just a snap of Mr. Winston Churchill and Major Anthony Eden walking to the House of Commons for one of last week's momentous debates. They represent, in their political life, the fighting spirit which any act of injustice arouses in the breast of the average Briton. Soldiers both—and neither of them able to spell the word "fear." If we are to have an Inner War Cabinet, it is difficult to see how either of them can be left out of it

And the World Said—



PROUD PARENTS—LORD AND LADY LOVAT

There was great rejoicing at Beaufort Castle on the night of August 28 when it was learnt that a son had been born to Lord and Lady Lovat in their Inverness-shire home. Tenants hurriedly gathered and built a huge bonfire, which the oldest tenant on the estate had the fun of setting alight. Lord Lovat, fifteenth holder of a fifteenth century title, is in His Majesty's Third Guards. He married Miss Rosamond Broughton, Sir Delves and Lady Broughton's only daughter, last October

WHETHER the world will be suffering acutely, or sighing with relief when you read this, I do not know. I do know the pact between Germany and Russia is a good thing, as it opens England's eyes to the identical ideologies of the two powers; both Stalin and Hitler glorify the State and enslave the individual; both have turned their backs on God. British and French Socialists who talked about their brothers in Russia have been bawling platform nonsense. They are as much to blame for urging a Russian alliance as the Conservatives for trying to harness the British Empire to the Soviet, as a move in the tired game of power politics. It was Queen Victoria who said she knew the meaning of right and wrong, but did not admit expediency. I doubt if this obstinate and high-minded Defender of the Faith would have permitted her Prime Minister (even "our dear Lord Beaconsfield") to countenance a courtship with an atheistic Government, unless he persuaded Her Majesty that by doing so England was attempting to convert the lost sheep, as a sop to the Victorian conscience. We can laugh at the hypocrisies of our great-grandparents, but in fairness we must recognize that they had consciences. They stood rather too high in their own esteem, but perhaps we sit too



IN HOT PURSUIT

Mrs. Nicholas Cayzer gaining fast on her runaway daughter, Nichola, who was born in 1937. Mrs. Cayzer is the châtelaine of Trafford Hall, near Chester, and married Sir August Cayzer's elder son and heir in 1935, she then being Miss Betty Williams, daughter of the late Mrs. Owain Williams. One of Sir August Cayzer's brothers, the former Sir Herbert Cayzer, is now Lord Rotherwick. Mr. Nicholas Cayzer is at present on duty with his Territorial Searchlight unit



CONVERSATION PIECE AT DOLES HOUSE

Sir Grey and Lady Skipwith with their sons, six-year-old Egerton, and Pat, aged some four months. Their home near Andover was the attractive setting of this pleasant picture. Sir Grey Skipwith, 11th baronet and descended from Robert d'Estoteville, one of William the Conqueror's attendant barons, married Miss Cynthia Egerton Leigh *en secondes nocces* in 1928. He and his wife (known as "Cat" to heaps of friends) are both Cheshire born

low. A limp British Parliament allowed a series of disastrous landslides; Manchukuo (the heaven-sent opportunity for backing America in a cause as much her own as ours), then Abyssinia (because it would not take a risk; rightly, think the wise-acres; wrongly, those who put principle before interest), and again and again, until we were properly seen off. People who believe in God (and there are a great number, church attendances to the contrary) see in all this tribulation an emblem of hope, arguing that awakened by the failure of her policy of expediency, England will realize that rendering unto Cæsar, or to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is not enough. Either a revival of spiritual

values will come, or our apathy and self-seeking must draw upon itself the equivalent of Spain's fate in the seventeenth century—sterility and eclipse.

* * *

One of the chief men of peace at the Oslo Conference, where I took leave of you last week, was the Norwegian Foreign Minister, Mr. Halvdan Koht, who went on to Belgium to the meeting of the seven signatories to the Oslo Convention—Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland. Mr. Koht was in London as long ago as 1890, with his father, a delegate to an inter-parliamentary conference that year, who had just voted in the Stortinget (or Parliament House, see last week's "World") in favour of international arbitration—the first resolution of its kind taken by any European parliament. The Kohts are a simple elderly couple. To put Socialist friends at ease he wore a lounge suit at his own reception, one of the best and biggest we attended, at which the English Labour members wore white ties and decorations, and the delegate from Java a gold lamé kilt and toque to match. The women said, "Isn't he sweet?" in every language. The rush to the central supper table for provisions was a lesson to the slow-moving British. No sooner do guests arrive at a Norwegian *soirée* than they pile their plates with innumerable delicacies, beginning with smoked salmon, and retire into corners and card rooms, until the sweet stage, when there is another rather ugly rush. We learnt that to hang back diffidently is not considered a mark of politeness; on the contrary, a promptly executed raid implies appreciation. Norwegian raspberries—the final course—have a delicious flavour and are plentiful even in September. This mansion house had thick lace curtains, shiny china stoves in alcoves, and woodenly painted Royal portraits, including one of Oskar I

mixed bunch of viewers. The sculpture is supreme. It would be worth going to Oslo to see Vigeland's work, even if there was no scenery or other interest. He is the Nordic Rodin, as overpowering at first as Wagner, as much in love with despair as Dante, as terrible (in the



LORD AND LADY SALISBURY

A snapshot taken outside the Houses of Parliament after they had listened to the Prime Minister's firm, balanced and straightforward statements of where Britain stands in this time of stress. Lord Salisbury, who has rendered his country distinguished service in politics and as a soldier, is a former Leader of the House of Lords. He bore St. Edward's Crown at the Coronation of King George VI



LADY MARY ROSE FITZ ROY

The younger sister of the late Duke of Grafton and of Lady Jane Nelson celebrates her twenty-first birthday this month. All well, Lady Mary Rose Fitz Roy will spend the winter hunting with the Grafton, having lately taken a house in Northamptonshire

looking almost as puzzled as his namesake's seeker in "Hellz-a-poppin," the deafening burlesque by which every visitor to New York in the past year has been enchanted or infuriated. Cil painting is not Norway's best effort. I will not comment on the pictures in the National Art Gallery because few appealed to any of our

Biblical sense) as Epstein, yet entirely different. There is not much of his, and nothing recent in the Art Gallery, so it means pulling strings for a permit for his studio in the unfinished park where his groups and figures will form the most extraordinary inanimate assembly on earth—a Viking Versailles. The magnitude of the effort recalls Malvina Hoffman's racial series in Chicago, and there resemblance ends. Even those who distrust modern art were impressed, Mrs. Eric Ernington's, "I don't know if I liked it, but I do know that I shan't forget it," was a typical reaction to Vigeland, who is an old man now and reputedly *sauvage*.

At least he does not like visitors, but the veteran director of the Art Gallery gave us a touching welcome. That learned authority on museums, Mr. S. F. Markham, the Labour Member for Nottingham South, replied that the language of art is universal, at which the Geneva cynic near me whispered, "Like money." This French official from the League's comments reminded one of Shaw's "Geneva." He was an onlooker when a Republican Congressman from the Middle West talked down the British Army's part in the Great War, until Colonel Sir John Shute, who spent four years in the trenches, left the lunch table rather than lose his temper; the retreat of an officer and gentleman. These Middle Westerners are tough guys, of pugnacious German-Swedish descent, who dictate Isolation to the States through Congress, and through the Inter-Parliamentary Union and other channels blast Europe with their intolerance of its problems. They have forgotten that America's united Utopia was only achieved after a bitter Civil War; or maybe they never heard of the North and South, having immigrated after the fighting was done. The United States Constitution was not made by her German, Italian, Swedish or Jewish nineteenth-century newcomers; the Dutch, the English, the Scots and the French did the great work, from the first Elizabethan attempts at colonization to the last words of Abraham Lincoln. The other nationalities, having reaped a good harvest on equal terms,

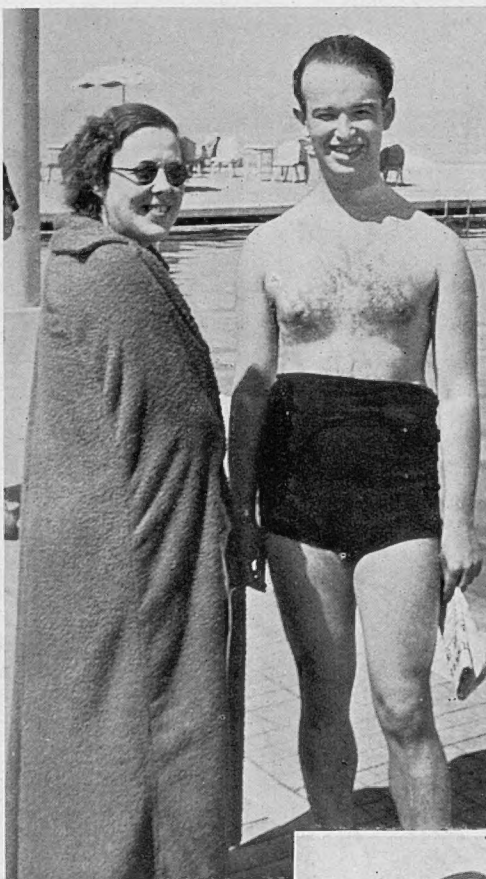


AT CANNES

Thelma Lady Furness and her ten-year-old son, the Hon. William Anthony Furness, strolling in the garden of her Villa Piccola. Thelma Lady Furness, whose marriage with Lord Furness was dissolved in 1933, is one of the three decorative daughters of the late Mr. Harry Hays Morgan, who was formerly a leading member of the United States Foreign Service

And the World said—*continued*

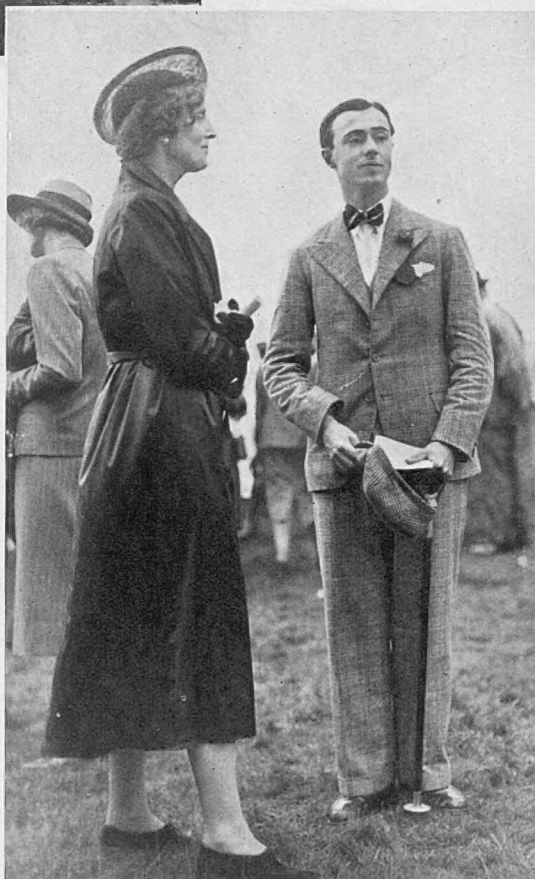
should bless their luck before they curse those whose ancestors created the free code by which they breathe and breed and show annual profits. From which you will gather that much as I like the U.S.A., where you followed my wandering between the Eden and the Royal visits, sympathy in this incident was with Sir John; a lovable personality, one of Liverpool's cotton "kings," and the chairman of its Repertory Theatre (where the divine Diana Wynyard débuted) whose wish, expressed at the State performance of *The Doll's House* was that his delight in it could be shared with Mr. St. John Ervine, his crony. The old brick State Theatre is one of the only buildings in Oslo with atmosphere. The company, which came to London not long ago, plays everything from Shakespeare to Coward, with a season in Bergen and occasionally in Copenhagen. I should like to see and hear them in all the Ibsens; to understand is superfluous! Tore Tegelcke, the perfect "Nora" (pronounced Nou-ra) was a thirty-five-year-old Marie Tempest in the early scenes, not pretty but bewitching; sensitive and resilient, giving promise of the courage to come. German born Mrs. Frank Bellen-ger's English book of the words helped those who had "forgotten the story," but several who saw Lucie Mannheim in the part this year needed no prompter though two more different interpretations cannot be imagined. Only our Mr. Agate could do justice to the Norwegian actress who came to the subsequent supper-party wearing two decorations, and escorted by her husband and stage partner, a strikingly handsome man even in the land of poker-faced Adonises and lyric sunsets. From a beauty spot in the pine woods far above Oslo, the panorama, hazy with heat, silvery with distant arms of the sea, is a poet's dream, even after an alarming climb by motor coach, least faerie of vehicles. The occupants of a descending car exchanged salutes with Mr. Alfred Denville. "That was Will Hay and family," amplified the actor-Member for Newcastle Central. Arrived at a wooden *Gasthaus* of Tyrolean appearance, the different nationalities relaxed according to temperament. Dutch, Danes and Swedes ordered more food—their capacity for *snitter* being evidently unlimited. The British admired the view and felt the heat. Groups from Balkan and easterly European countries made



BIARRITZ BATHERS

Lady Cecil Douglas has been among those enjoying the sun at this famous resort on the Côte d'Argent and was greeted by Mr. George Aczel of Biarritz as she came up from the sea in her gay scarlet bathing cloak. Lady Cecil Douglas was formerly Miss Ruby St. B. Kirkley and is married to the Marquess of Queensberry's only brother

More pictures of Biarritz in next week's issue



AT THE DEVON AND EXETER 'CHASES AT HALDON

Mrs. J. E. H. Balfour and Mr. Dudley Bradshaw thinking probably about anything else in the world but Adolf. Mrs. Balfour is a daughter of the late Hon. R. J. Gerard-Dicconson and Colonel Balfour formerly an 11th Hussar, was a steward of the meeting

More pictures on the opposite page

speeches to each other with their backs to the view. The French, in occupation of chairs before any one else had the sense to sit, made café observations to their wives who contrived to look less hot than the other women. The Americans, even more oblivious of their surroundings than the Ruritanians, photographed each other; Egyptians surging forward hopefully at every click. Meanwhile the Turks were doing something else somewhere else, and so were those bachelors of Westminster, for whose enjoyment the young Member for Heywood and Radcliffe arranged motor-boating. The Irish, though numerically few, sounded like a powerful orchestra. They played with the Americans on all occasions and were the only foreign Delegation at the American Minister's supper dance.

* * *

Irish observer says her country has had a particularly good flat-racing season. There was a second meeting at Downpatrick, Ulster, for the first time in history, and one of the year's diplomatic victories was in the "Black North," at the Maze, when Eire's Minister of Justice, Mr. Patrick Rutledge, the winner of the Curragh Derby, won Ulster's Derby with Mandragon. In spite of the falling off in numbers at Dublin Show—largely on account of climatic—she saw a bigger gate and more notables at the Galway Plate Meeting than heretofore, including Lord Bristol, whose family has been having a wretched time at the hands of the daily Press, solely because they are who they are. The Irish do not need much encouragement to take an interest in the most noble and contrary of animals, but if they did Eire's legislators would set the example. The Minister of Justice's owner-colleagues

include two Seans—Mr. Lemass, and the Minister of Finance, Mr. McEntee. Although Mr. Cosgrave attended race meetings, and was often to be seen riding around the Rathfarnham and in the mountains, he did not own horses or bet. In the North, Mr. Tony Clarke, M.P. for Workman Clarke, rides at the Maze and at Downpatrick, setting a precedent for members of Stormont. Another Irish sport—big game fishing—has been pursued with great success at Ballycotton, Co. Cork, by Mr. Jack D'Eath (who got a twenty-eight pound cod on his first day), the Berkeley Owens and Miss Nancy Harwood-Banner who caught a record blue shark, on a line, not harpooned, weighing 106 pounds. Sir Harwood Harwood-Banner's attractive daughter went on to Biarritz, where attractive girls outnumber the men six to one. One of the most attractive and golden girls in the international vogue, Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger, who is, incidentally, the only other Edwina in that little world.

AT THE DEVON AND EXETER 'CHASES



MAJOR PROCTOR AND
THE HON. MRS. VANE



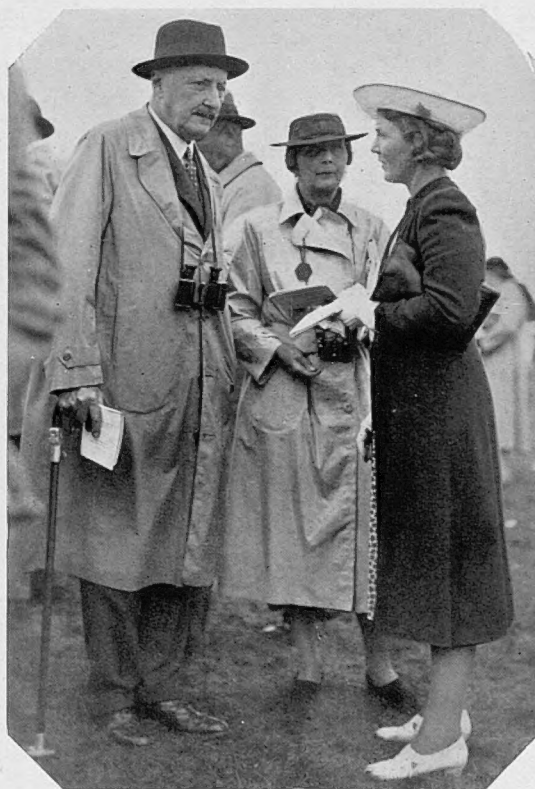
LORD AND LADY DEVON AND (CENTRE) LADY
GABRIELLE COURTENAY



COLONEL ACLAND-TROYTE, M.P.
(TIVERTON) AND MISS AUSTIN



MR. CYRIL MAUDE AND THE HON.
LADY YARDE-BULLER



SIR REGINALD AND LADY BARNES
AND MRS. SCRASE DICKENS



MISS ROSANNE IMBERT-TERRY
AND MR. EDWARD IMBERT-TERRY

They start jumping down in the West country a bit before anywhere else in the British Isles, excepting Eire, and in spite of all distractions and outside troubles this two-days' Devon and Exeter meeting was enjoyed by all sorts and conditions of our fellow men and women including Parliamentarians (Colonel Acland-Troyte), famous soldiers like General Sir Reggie Barnes (a playmate of Mr. Winston Churchill when they were both in the 4th Hussars' polo team a many years ago) and a most distinguished actor, Mr. Cyril Maude (looking far from "Grumpy") when snapped with the Hon. Lady Yarde-Buller, cousin of the late Brigadier-General the Hon. Sir Henry Yarde-Buller who was an uncle of the third Lord Churston and died in 1928. The Earl and Countess of Devon who were only married in July are in a picture which includes one of the Earl's younger sisters



GEORGE RAFT AT CANNES

Among the many film stars who have been holiday-making on the Riviera is George Raft, whose great war film *Bolero*, in which he stars with the enchanting Carole Lombard, has been one of the successes of former years recently revived at the Carlton Theatre

which shows that our own Mr. Raymond Massey is not the only pebble on the Lincoln beach. He gives us that transcendent charm which was the leading characteristic of a man whose trousers never met either his waistcoat or his ankles.

Dodge City, at the Warner Cinema, is a tale of Kansas in the 'seventies, from which it follows that the characters are all gamblers, drunkards, and potential manslaughterers, if no worse. This is just a little later than the period so magnificently described by that one of the world's great breakers of new literary ground, Bret Harte, whose centenary we have just been celebrating. The hero, an Irish cow-puncher, conducts the story through a sequence of incidents of the good old Western type, including the familiar race between train and coach, a stampede of cattle, and a magnificent flurry of fists and revolvers in a gambling hell. The cow-puncher is Mr. Errol Flynn, whence it follows that he and the heroine, Miss Olivia de Havilland, come together in the end. Which, of course, is nature's way of seeing to it that the world continues to be supplied with cow-punchers. I suppose there must still be people to whom the love-making of cow-punchers and the female of their kind is not tedious. I myself find nearly all screen love-making the last word in the yawnsome.

Maisie, at the Empire, is all about an actress who, untowardly, finds herself in a similar setting to that of which Mr. Flynn is the lambent, innocuous centre. We look forward, naturally, to a conflict between sophistication, in the person of the lady, and brute primitiveness, as personified by the background. Alas, it appears all too soon that Miss Ann Sothern can be as primitive as the smallest Western city can desire, while not lagging behind her cowboy lover in that brand of altruistic nobility which seems to be the prerogative of cowboys. The fact that Miss Sothern's young man had spent a year in gaol on behalf of some other young woman—possibly the reason for this was shadowy as the second young woman was shady—merely meant that she was his spiritual mate as well as the other sort. But this sort of film should

AMONG those means of escape which today are so popular, and indeed so necessary, the cinema must rank very highly. Consider this week's new films. *Young Mr. Lincoln*, at the Leicester Square Cinema, is all about the period, from 1830 to 1842, when the raw backwoodsman was getting ready to become a great man. The plot—since even a film about Lincoln must have a story—shows the young lawyer getting two young pioneers out of a tight spot of lynching, and doing it very wittily and pawkily, if a little in the manner of the hero of a modern detective story. Perhaps the best thing about the film is the careful drawing of the background, though Mr. Henry Fonda gives a first-rate performance,

THE CINEMA AS ESCAPE

By JAMES AGATE

really be written by Mr. Damon Runyon, and I hereby propose that some film corporation should commission a film from Mr. Runyon in his most riotously comic manner. I do not mean the vein of the tale called *Dream Street Rose*, which is the sort of thing Mr. Runyon does as well as, if no better than, whoever wrote the librettos for Puccini. Let the corporation give Mr. Runyon his head, and I shall be prepared to hold my sides.

Streets of New York, at the Astoria, is the kind of thing Dickens might have written if he had wanted to put the Dead End Kids into *A Christmas Carol*. Nevertheless, and in spite of the fact that the Dead End Kids are by now considerably overworked, this film deserves sympathetic consideration if only for the fact that it contains Mr. Jackie Cooper trying to become something other than an infant prodigy who regrets having grown up.

I think there can be no denying that all these films offer complete escape from any of the problems menacing the world today. The other afternoon, being at Southend, I turned into a cinema, principally to get out of the stifling heat, and entirely indifferent to what might be showing on the screen. I had not sunk into my luxurious fauteuil before I realized that the pabulum offered was our old friend *Beau Geste*. All around me were children ranging from knowing, expert little ruffians of fourteen or so down to infants sucking their thumbs or blotted against their mothers' bosoms. And when we got to the real business of the picture, I realized that while warfare between civilized nations is held to be an offence and an abomination, the massacre of Arabs by European scum masquerading as a legion is not only praiseworthy and spiritually ennobling, but constitutes a more than normally exciting and therefore sporting form of pig-sticking. Here, it seemed to me, was "escapism" with a vengeance. I had the further notion, which had been stirring within me for some time, that the films are a vitiating business for the young, even when they are trying to be healthy. The trouble, of course, is that the mentality of the average film magnate is no better company for children when he is trying to elevate them than when he isn't. You see, he has such an entirely cheap notion of what constitutes elevation. Now I think that *Beau Geste*, and all films like it, are tosh, principally because of their unreality. The ancestral homes depicted in these pictures are the creation of a housemaid's fancy, and as little like the real thing as the preposterous garments worn by, can it be my old friend Miss Heather Thatcher? And that absurd fort whose walls become high whenever anybody has to scale them, and low when somebody must jump down. And those marksmen who, firing on the Arabs charging the fort on horseback immediately below, hold their rifles at an angle which ensures hitting somebody upon the horizon. And last, the nonsense about enlisting in the Foreign Legion to prove that a sneak thief at home only needs a good dose of desert sand to turn him into a very perfect gentle knight. If this film proved that such a feat of transmogrification was possible I should not mind. What it proves is that nobility is possible to a man who is *not* a sneak thief—for I take it that Beau only stole to shield somebody else, and then stole not the priceless jewel but a worthless counterfeit. And what sort of escape, may I ask, is this, either for grown-ups or children?

* * *

Women in the Wind, a tale of the adventures of women flyers was released by Warner Bros. on Monday last, September 4. Kay Francis and William Gargan are the top-featured members of a cast which also includes Victor Jory, Maxie Rosenbloom, and Eddie Foy, Jr. Miss Francis plays a young and pretty airwoman who has retired from the game to devote her life to the care of her brother, injured in an air crash. There is hope for his recovery if she can raise a large sum of money to pay a high-priced specialist. She knows she can get that money by winning a Women's Air Derby. After some thrilling adventures and complications, Kay wins the Derby, love, and happiness.

KEEPING ON KEEPING ON—GOOD LUCK TO THEM!



A NAVAL SHOOT IN LANCASHIRE

(L. to R. back) Commander Darwin, Captain Oram, Captain Fisher (host), Master Oram, Commander Jameson and Commander Lindsell (in shorts). (Seated) Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Oram, Mrs. Finn and Mrs. Darwin



Dennis Moss

MRS. HEBER-PERCY AT THE COTSWOLD PONY CLUB CAMP



AT SIR CHARLES CAYZER'S KINPURNIE SHOOT

Drawing for their butt (L. to R.): Lord Kinnaid, Brigadier-General Sir H. Clifton Brown, M.P., Lord Mansfield and Sir Charles Cayzer



FISHING THE DOCHFUR WATERS, INVERNESS-SHIRE

Going into action are (L. to R.) Miss Naomi de Rothschild, Mr. Anthony de Rothschild, her uncle, Miss Gillian Cadogan and a ghillie

A few more signs of the complete failure of the War of Nerves! It never had a thousand to one chance of success in this country. At the all-naval shoot pictured at the top of this page, the host was Captain Fisher, of Vickers Armstrong, and the scene of action Simpson Ground, Cartinel Fell, Lancashire. Captain Oram, one of the few survivors of the *Thetis*, his wife and son, were amongst the guests. Any detail concerning the other officers is at this moment *verboden*! Mrs. Heber-Percy, wife of the Cotswold Master, was one of the camp officers at the recent pony club gathering at Brimpsfield Park, kindly lent by Mr. and Mrs. Kemdle. There were fifty-eight children and seventy steeds assembled—a very fine muster. Sir Charles Cayzer's guests were bidden to his Angus fastness, Kinpurnie Castle and managed to get in most of what they wanted before urgent affairs curtailed things. Sir Charles Cayzer is a former 19th Hussar and Lord Kinnaid was in the Scottish Horse. Brigadier-General Sir Clifton Brown is the Member for Newbury. One of Lord Mansfield's titles is Lord Halldikes in the Jacobite peerage. The last picture has to do with the party Mrs. Sassoon gave at Dochfour House—the owner of which is the Baroness Burton. Miss Gillian Cadogan is a daughter of Sir Alexander Cadogan, Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office



AT LIMERICK RACES: THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD AND MISS ANN HICKMAN, M.F.H.

Lady Waterford's home hunting country is next to the one of which Miss Ann Hickman is joint-Master, the West Waterford, and this is yet another smiling picture taken whilst the crisis was in blatant blast

known it will never be the same again. If he is not brought up with a round turn now, life will be as bad or worse, sitting on the edge of the precipice waiting for our turn to go over.

However, enough of the serious side appears every day in the papers, so I can only offer the solution of a friend of mine who maintains that the rank of corporal should be abolished. It's only corporals like this one or Napoleon who turn everything upside down. Who ever heard of a sergeant ever doing anything except make a recruit's life a burden to him.

There is, too, a trace of humour in the request of the Italians that the Negus should return to Abyssinia to restore order for them. Negus, I see in the dictionary, is a name for wine and water which no doubt, accounts for the nomenclature of the dog that sleeps on the bed of a friend of mine.

It is hard to know what will happen should hostilities break out, but I understand racing stops forthwith, though I suppose the sales would be held at Doncaster. Racing always springs up again. There has been racing in all countries ever since the beginning of history and well-bred fillies at Doncaster are the best possible investment, as holding their value for stud purposes for many years. Race-horses themselves with the exception of a few steeplechase horses are of no use for warlike purposes, except for those rests behind the lines, when it is almost essential to own one. Hogged and docked so as to be unrecognizable to their own mothers and designated Jim or Boxer or some such plebeian name, these friends of man have on more than one occasion got their owners out of a sticky week's poker in the front line. Marty Hartigan will no doubt remember in Mesopotamia, one Aqueduct, a winner of a £500 pre-war race at

Writing this on the

Monday of crisis week it is hard to know what to say or write. No one cares what has won during the last week or what will win the Leger, everyone's thoughts are on what one single man is going to choose to do with the lives and destinies of every human being in the world. Win, lose or draw, if this one megalomaniac sends up the balloon, life as we have

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

Newbury, who, in the Baghdad Derby, claiming every known allowance from ordinary chargers, carrying every known penalty, must have been the best thing ever put on a race-course. As far as I remember, Frank Wootton, on a small bay Arab pony, was favourite, trying to give away a stone. If only these things could occur once a week in peace time, how far less would one notice the high cost of living. I must add in parentheses, that Marty only rode the horse. He did not own him or frame the conditions of the race.

Then, as now, warlike operations interfered with my attempted coup. Having got I suspect, a "Waler" classified as an Arab (Walers gave country-breds a stone and Arabs two stone in condition races), the contest in which he was due to run looked a lay down and would probably have knocked the bookmakers from the 13th off their perches for ever. Ordered up towards Persia a few days before, for some ridiculous hostilities, the pony crossed his legs pig-sticking in an interval in the war and broke his neck. York is always grand racing and with so many people shooting in the neighbourhood, it generally holds its attendance fairly well, even in the holiday season. This year the complete absence of grouse from the Yorkshire moors and "the jitters," kept a part of the crowd away. On the whole, the racing was good, old Monmouth and Hypnotist putting up very meritorious performances. I had thought Peter Kane would

win the Ebor, and possibly the Cesarewitch, but one couldn't grudge Owenstown a win after his consistency all this time.

The Gimcrack makes out Tant Mieux the best two-year-old on all form, but I am still of opinion that none of them are very much. It is the best classic stuff so far. Fair Test looks the best horse but his one winning appearance leaves him a lot of ground to make up.

Unless things are settled one way or another, Doncaster looks like being a drab affair. The Leger looks like being a two-horse race and of the two I have a slight preference for Pharis. The Portland Handicap, to whose conditions I would again like to call attention; £5 to enter and £5 to accept, with £1,500 added, or about *ten shillings per cent*, should be won by Knight's Caprice or Chancery, two very good and very nice horses.

Let's hope by the time this appears, that the Germans themselves will have taken a hand in restoring sanity to their regime, which is so pro-Nazi and anti-German in ideas.

At the time this goes to press the following are the probable runners and jockeys for today's St. Leger, and in spite of all the menaces which are over us at the moment a great many of us are confident that the last of the classics will be run in peace. Lord Rosebery's Blue Peter is naturally much fancied and we think with every justification. The following is the list:

Quick Ray (Lord Astor), Gordon Richards; Wheatland (Mr. W. Barnett), T. Burns; Pharis II (M. M. Boussac), E. C. Elliott; Tamworth (Lord Derby), —; Heliopolis (Lord Derby), R. Perryman; Monsieur Mutuel (M. H. M. Holdert), A. Tucker; Fairchance (Mr. R. Middlemas), P. Maher;

Bold Devil (Lord Milford), D. Smith; Blue Peter (Lord Rosebery), E. Smith; Buxton (Mr. J. F. A. Harter), W. Stephenson; Atout Maitre (Mr. Herbert Blagrove), W. Sibbritt.

* * *

Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, need £6 10s. to board a young delicate boy, aged twelve, at the seaside. He is an unwanted child and his home environment has proved very detrimental to his health. On the doctor's advice he was sent to a foster mother in the country and has made good progress under her motherly care. The boy's parents can only afford a small weekly sum and we are joining with another society to make up the cost of his board. Will you enable us to give 2s. 6d. weekly so that this boy may grow into a strong and healthy lad.



MRS. MICHAEL BEARY AT GATWICK

A snapshot of the wife of the famous jockey who did not manage to collect any brackets at this meeting though he had plenty of rides

LIMERICK AND GATWICK RACING —AND A VERY YOUNG SPORTSMAN



AT LIMERICK JUNCTION: CAPTAIN CHARLES MOORE
AND HIS DAUGHTERS AND MR. G. AGNEW



GORDON WINS A SELLER AT GATWICK
ON SCOFFLAW

Gatwick carried on quite unperturbed by the newspaper report that the Führer had ordered the war to start at 6 a.m. on the second day of that meeting. Gordon Richards would have ridden his three winners on the first day just the same, and also his one on the second day, that occasion when people had to buy their money on *Atout Maître*, the St. Leger Trial Stakes winner. Limerick Junction meeting was a mixed entertainment, flat and jumping, as are many Irish gatherings, and the winner at the top of the page is owned by Mr. C. Odium. She was ridden by M. Wing, and escorted home in triumph by the owner's two happy daughters. Captain Charles Moore, also with daughters, is the manager of His Majesty's race-horses. Little Geoffrey Tate of Sheffield could ride almost before he could walk, and was a good runner-up on his pony Wendy at the recent Norton Show



ALSO AT LIMERICK: MISS AUDREY ODLUM, HER SISTER,
AND THE FAMILY WINNER, DELAGE



GEOFFREY TATE, RUNNER-UP
AT NORTON SHOW

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

MR. NORMAN HARTNELL AND
LADY WILLINGDON AT AIX

The famous dress-designer came on to Aix-les-Bains after showing his autumn "creations" in Paris. The Marchioness of Willingdon, wife of the famous ex-Viceroy of India, is a daughter of the first Earl Brassey, a peerage now extinct

worry. For alas! the British Empire sprawls about the world in a manner which was comfortable when a few warships could guard its coasts, but which is a perpetual source of danger now that aeroplanes have a thousand and more miles of bombing distance. Other things, however, menace our former comfort. Birth control among the white races being among them. Birth control, like pacifism, is such an inspiring piece of logic—if only the whole world and the right people would all practise it in unison! As they don't, it isn't! Take education, too. Such a necessary and magnificent facet of true civilisation—if only the usual first-fruits of it were not to defy authority and to destroy the past. Because, perhaps, true education cannot be taught forcibly with any more general satisfaction than all children can be taught to play the piano. Some achieve distinction; others only add to a general din. So, for example, out in the far, far East it is difficult to combine the blessings of Christianity and the equal blessings of cultural enlightenment, and still expect the natives to play their former part as water-carriers and hack-men. So that in the end the "child" bites the hand which once fed it, and can only show its emancipation by hurling bombs or going into a ruinous strike.

All these things come, nevertheless, as a complete and grievous surprise—since psychological outcomes of super-imposed causes are never generally understood. And a good deed can quite easily achieve a bad end, or, at any rate, an unexpected one. And the British Empire is full of such unexpected results—results which bring with them so many

Jamaica
Narrative.

ONCE upon a time it used to be a kind of final reproach to quote the line about how little a man knows of England who only England knows. At the moment, perhaps, that purblind man is on the more fortunate side—as, maybe, most purblind people are at the moment. He is saved a lot of anxiety and

of those terrific difficulties of which the only solution seems to be a present-palliative, leaving later generations to solve the problems. Everybody knows the complete astonishment with which the average Englishman realised that, within the last few years, there had been considerable and dangerous trouble brewing and bursting forth in the far-off island of Jamaica. He knew that the island had been so long in British possession that the natives spoke that kind of English which natives usually speak. He knew that the blessings of Christianity had long since been brought to what in the old days were referred to as "heathen." He knew that probably with this blessing came the terrestrial blessing of education. He knew that sugar came from Jamaica, and bananas.

But the average Englishman didn't know . . . well, he didn't know what Mr. William J. Makin's book, "Caribbean Nights" (Robert Hale; 12s. 6d.), is likely to teach him. He didn't know, for example, that Christianity had got such a hold of the natives that they had translated it into their own formula; with the result that it becomes on occasion the madness of hysteria, which results in the most outrageous cults—the rites of which put the hottest of hot gossellers into a refrigerator by comparison. He didn't know

that education and all those "blessings of Western civilisation," such as Hollywood films, books, and a wider, if often a less beautiful, mental horizon, led to strikes and riots and filled the island with, so to speak, a whole host of burning questions, and that where there is a burning question there is always an agitator, and that agitation, for those who have the call for it, is a very profitable profession—when it becomes a profession, as it usually does! Still less did he realise that already sugar and bananas, as a Jamaican richness, are dangerously threatened by an ever-growing disease for which, so far, the experts have discovered no cure, but which, without one, will leave Jamaica ruined and profitless.

To repeat, "Caribbean Nights" is likely to open his eyes disturbingly, but, in recompense, he will find himself reading a very vivid, thoroughly interesting book, written by a well-known journalist who went to Jamaica early in 1938 to help found and edit the *Jamaica Standard*. He arrived in Jamaica on the eve of those bloody and serious riots which over here were, so to speak, more hinted at than fully described. They were, perhaps, less riots and more the early symptoms of a revolution. Actually, they are not over yet. There are men of the mental calibre of Alexander Bustamante to be reckoned with, and the hysteria of revolt is only in abeyance. Nevertheless, although the description of these dangerous riots and such chapters as "Peculiar Cults" and "Voodoo Nights" will make the reader wonder what, in Jamaica and the Caribbean, is going to happen next, the main part of the book is devoted to an extraordinarily vivid description of the little-known Jamaican scene, with its beauty, its sordidness, its comedy and melodrama, its natural and its disturbingly unnatural human associations, the white

with the coloured races.

Thoughts from "Caribbean Nights."

"The economic slavery of to-day is perhaps worse than the realities of eighteenth-century slavery! Emancipation has, for the most part, merely given them the freedom to starve."

"It is a curious fact that nearly all revolutions have begun in those areas where it was considered that workers were best treated. . . . It is during prosperity that labour revolts, and never during periods of slump and distress."

(Continued on page 426.)



NOTABILITIES AT NORTH BERWICK

A sun and airy picture of Mr. F. J. Tennant, who is Lady Oxford and Asquith's brother and an uncle of Lord Glenconner, with Lady Long of Wraxall, who is his granddaughter and a daughter of the Hon. Guy Charteris

LORD AND LADY BEAUCHAMP'S MALVERN FESTIVAL PARTY



MISS YVONNE ARNAUD AND
MR. ALEX KNOX



LADY JOAN AND LADY ANNE COVENTRY,
LADY DEERHURST, MISS IRENE VANBRUGH
AND MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH



LORD BEAUCHAMP AND H.R.H.
PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE



IN THE MAZE: RUTH TROUNCER
AND MR. ALASTAIR SIM



LADY BEAUCHAMP AND MRS. M. T.
STEVENS (HON. SEC., MALVERN FESTIVAL)



MR. ERNEST THESIGER AND LADY HARDWICKE
(HELENA PICKARD)

Lord and Lady Beauchamp's garden-party at their perfectly beautiful house, Madresfield Court, Great Malvern, was given when the great theatrical festival was at its height, hence the presence of so many celebrities of the drama on this page of pictures. H.R.H. Princess Marie Louise honoured Lord and Lady Beauchamp as a guest at their house-party and is seen with the host; and the honorary secretary of the Festival, hard-worked Mrs. M. T. Stevens, is in another picture with the ever-charming hostess. As to the galaxy of stage talent, Miss Yvonne Arnaud and Mr. Alexander Knox were both in the new Shaw play, *In Good King Charles's Golden Days*, in which she played the frail Duchess of Portsmouth. Other members of the same distinguished cast, seen in these pictures, are Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who played Queen Catherine to Mr. Ernest Thesiger's Charles II.; and Cecil Trouncer's little daughter records the fact that her father was a good Isaac Newton in Mr. Shaw's extremely talkative play. Lady Hardwicke, wife of Sir Cedric, was in both *The Professor from Peking* and *Big Ben*. Mr. Alastair Sim, rather lost in the Madresfield Maze, played the puritanical professor in the new Bridie play, *What Say They?* in which, incidentally, also were Yvonne Arnaud and Cecil Trouncer.

Lady Deerhurst, who is in the distinguished tea-party, is the widow of the late Lord Deerhurst, son of the tenth Earl of Coventry

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

A Story of Charm.

I often wish I could accept more unthinkingly the improbabilities of film and fiction. I should enjoy them so much more. And so many films and so much fiction you simply can't enjoy at all unless you come to accept them without the faintest detachment of criticism. Quite recently, for instance, I read for the first time a super best-seller in which, for me, the whole lovely scene of the hero and heroine entering a completely empty house, which was to be their home, was spoilt. The idea was to impress upon the reader, *via* the hero's emotions, the beautiful domesticity of the heroine—a scene completely ruined by the fact that she managed to make him a delicious omelette out of a few eggs she had bought *en route*. Where she got the frying-pan from, or where the butter, or where the sugar, jam or herbs, remains a mystery. A few eggs and pure love, and lo and behold a lovely omelette was born!

Thus, to a certain extent my early enjoyment of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' new novel, "Golden Apples" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), was smudged by the fact that I found it so difficult to visualise a suddenly orphaned brother and sister, aged fourteen and ten respectively, immediately taking on the farm of their dead parents, the boy to till the soil, the little girl to cook, sew, and clean. However, the scene is laid in the wilds of the Florida swamp-lands where, I suppose, children mature more quickly than they do in the softer, more spoon-fed parts of the world. Nevertheless, I was rather glad when they grew older and it became easier to understand why these children left the parental plot and took possession of a piece of land, owned by an Englishman whom nobody had ever known or seen. From its arid, overrun-by-weeds state, they achieved something approaching real cultivation. Then the unknown Englishman turns up, expecting to find a prosperous estate, only to discover that his inheritance is a wilderness, except where these two strange children have made it habitable and profitable. Richard Tordell, the Englishman, is a strange, Byronic kind of young man; exiled from his English home by disgrace which was thoroughly undeserved. He allows his tenants to stay on, but proffers neither encouragement nor friendship.

Alas! Circumstances arise which oblige the boy to leave his sister alone in the house with Tordell. The neighbour who had promised to chaperon the girl fails in her promise. The inevitable happens, and soon it is apparent that the girl is going to have a baby. Nevertheless, although this might have been foreseen by the reader from the beginning, the consequences are unusual, though convincing. The story has great charm. It is a mixture of realism and poetry—beauty mellowing the realism, and the realism saving the poetical approach from touching sentimental fantasy. If you read the author's earlier success, "The Yearling," the lovely delicacy of that delightful story is repeated in this one, though the theme is more adult.

Thoughts from "Golden Apples."

"It's very important to be just to other people. It takes years and years of living to learn that injustice against oneself is always unimportant."

"I'd like to know who started the conception of carefree youth. It's a time of torment. Sex, religion, living—everything that straightens out later on, muddled."

"The most difficult thing in the world is for one human being to make another understand him."

A Promising First Novel.

"Nothing is Past" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), by Kay Agutter, is even more full of irresistible questions which I at any rate kept asking myself as I followed this story of a psychologically abnormal man. The rural scene, laid in Sussex, being about as "rural" as a top-hat. It is, however, the story of a man, Dominic Haest, who returned to England after such a horrible experience in China that he kept losing touch with reality and going through brief periods of homicidal mania. His inner terror was the possibility of being eventually sent to an asylum.

His search for a cure led him towards an alienist, who seemed as ignorant as his treatment was ineffectual. There remained only his love for Cressida, known to her intimates as "Cressy." She was charming to look at, but that was as far as she went. Indeed, she only married Haest for the home and luxury with which he could provide her. Nor did she fall in love with him later on—as seems to be the one last hope of a woman who marries a man for reasons other than love. But then, Haest did not give her many opportunities for doing so quietly—so quietly that custom seems to fulfil the romantic purpose well enough at times.

During a momentary outbreak Haest nearly strangles his wife. Nevertheless, when towards the end Haest's fits of mania lead him to run amok with a sporting gun, barricading himself in a loft to escape capture, "Cressy" rises to unexpected heights in his defence. So that it would seem as if eventually a deep, abiding pity would make their life happier together. It undoubtedly brought out the latent best in Cressida which, up to that moment, she had never even considered as existing within her heart. The story, while not being very convincing, is well told. The characterisation is good enough to make most of the

people seem alive. The plot moves and is never for one instant static and dull.

Queer Characters.

Every character, except perhaps a small child who had every reason, in Pat Merriman's novel, "Night Call" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), blames somebody for the mess they make of life. Drusilla blames her father for her unfortunate marriage and then that drunken, hasty-tempered man passes on his daughter's blame to her husband. Each man blames the other; while I personally blame Drusilla; which, had she known it, or cared, might have surprised that annoying young woman. But, indeed, it is rather hard to feel lasting sympathy for a series of irresponsible people—although Miss Merriman cleverly uses this irresponsibility as an indictment of certain modern girls and certain modern parents. But if only there had been one sympathetic person in the book, the result would have been more satisfying.



Dorothy Wilding

JOYCE CAREY, TO APPEAR IN NOEL COWARD'S NEW PLAYS

The cast for Noel Coward's plays, *This Happy Breed* and *Sweet Sorrow*, is now assembled, and a very distinguished cast it is, too. As well as Mr. Coward himself, Leonora Corbett, Robert Eddison and Moya Nugent, it includes Joyce Carey, who is another of those cases of inherited acting ability; for she is the daughter of Lilian Braithwaite and Gerald Lawrence. Her talent for the stage is not limited to appearing on it, for she wrote *Sweet Aloes* which ran for over a year in London

GONE BACK TO ERIN

Lord Killanin takes up his residence
at the family place in County Galway



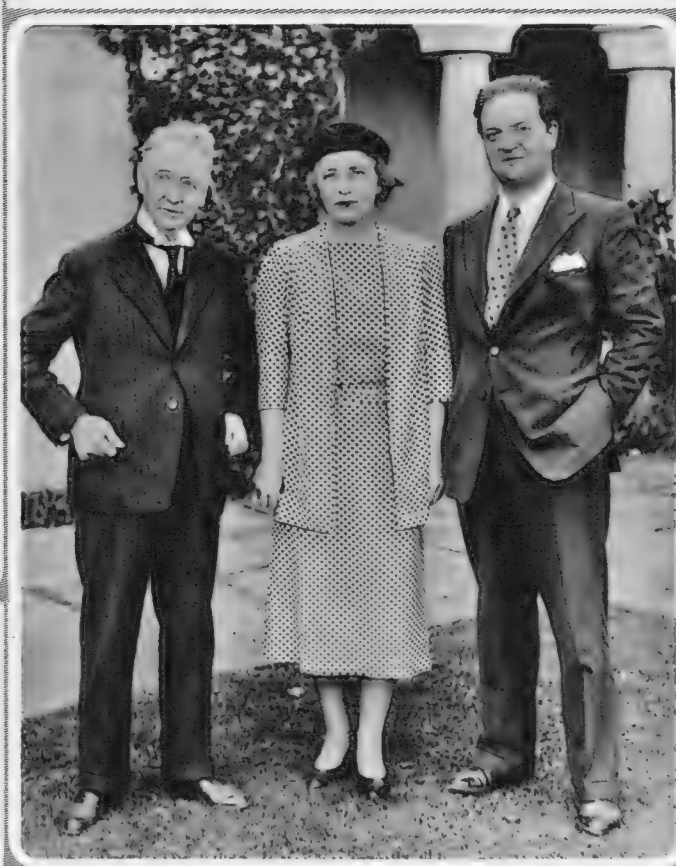
SPIDDAL HOUSE, COUNTY GALWAY, LORD KILLANIN'S
STATELY HOME IN THE WILD AND LOVELY WEST



PLAYING "THE WELCOME TO SPIDDAL":
IRISH PIPERS GREET THE HOME-COMER



THE HOUSE-PARTY AT SPIDDAL: MR. JOHN THARP, MISS BETTY BRIDGE, MISS
PHILIPPA THARP, MISS JULIAN MORRIS, MRS. GERARD THARP (MOTHER OF
LORD KILLANIN), AND MR. CHRISTOPHER BRIDGE



LORD KILLANIN AND HIS MOTHER, MRS. GERARD THARP,
WITH AN IMPORTANT GUEST, MR. W. T. COSGRAVE

There were great doings at the end of August at Spiddal House, County Galway, in honour of the homecoming of the 3rd Baron Killanin, who intends, all well, to live there from now on. Since coming down from Cambridge in 1935 (Magdalene educatively followed Eton and the Sorbonne), Lord Killanin has had an adventurous life, amongst his activities being journalistic ones which took him to Shanghai for a time. Lately he has been living and writing in London. His decision to go home to County Galway has delighted the neighbourhood, and when he gave an informal garden-party for past and present tenants of the estate, pipers in their saffron kilts headed a procession to Spiddal House. This part of the West of Ireland is a stronghold of Erse, so naturally Céad Mile Fáilte (a hundred thousand welcomes) was heard on all sides. That good sportsman, Mr. W. T. Cosgrave, in old days President of the I.F.S. and now Leader of the Opposition in Dail Eireann, came from Dublin to give personal greetings. *Du reste*, the house-party was largely family. Lord Killanin, aged some three months when his father, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. George Morris, Irish Guards, was killed in action, succeeded his uncle in 1927. In 1918 his mother married, as her second husband, Lieut.-Colonel Gerard Tharp, who died five years ago. Mr. John and Miss Philippa Tharp are the children of this marriage. Miss Betty Bridge, Mr. Christopher Bridge, and Miss Julian Morris, who also feature in the big group, are Lord Killanin's cousins

Photographs: Poole, Dublin

CONCERNING GOLF

By
HENRY LONGHURST



S. B. WILLIAMSON, BOYS'
AMATEUR CHAMPION

Some great golf was seen in the final of the Boys' Amateur Championship at Carnoustie, when S. B. Williamson, a Watsonian, won over 36 holes by 4 and 2. His opponent was K. G. Thom, seen on the right

am, sitting in London and waiting, with several million other anxious and equally aggravated persons, to see which way the cat will jump—still hoping faintly that it won't jump at all. If it does, I suppose you will be reading this in your bomb-proof shelter.

We had just come down from Nairn and Dornoch to Glasgow and were taking the 'plane to Islay (which is pronounced to rhyme with Delilah) on the morrow, when circumstances demanded our sudden return. It is a lovely trip, and when peace reigns again I'm going back to complete it. All told, it takes about an hour and a quarter—out over Arran and down to the primitive airfield behind Campbeltown, then up again over that glorious natural links, Machrihanish, and so across to Islay.

If ever you want a superbly beautiful drive, motor, as we did, from Inverness down to Glasgow *via* Fort Augustus, Fort William, and Glencoe. A fine surface all the way, beginning along the sinister Loch Ness which, for some reason, seems to fill all good Scotsmen with foreboding, and finishing along Loch Lomond, which inspires sentiments very much opposite. There's not a dull moment in nearly two hundred miles, and the scenery was enough to remind me of the drive from Killarney over the Kerry mountains to Bantry Bay, than which I can pay no higher compliment. Dornoch and Nairn are lovely, too. June, they say, is the best time up there, when you can finish a round of golf almost at midnight; but we had no quarrel with August. Up to date though the hotel may be, Dornoch gives one an

I H. A. D hoped, as I wrote this page, to be sampling the delights of golf and general relaxation on the island of Islay, which your map will show you to lie off the west coast of Scotland: but fate has decreed otherwise and here I

enjoyable sense of remoteness from "civilisation," marred only by the slow procession of bombers that trail round and round the sky practising their art on the opposite shore of the firth. The course itself is the old-fashioned type of seaside links, not too strenuous for the holiday-maker but fully long enough from the back tees to test the best of players. I enjoyed every moment of it. Just up the coast are Golspie and Brora, and I have Mr. Norman Birkett's assurance that both these links are well worth a visit.

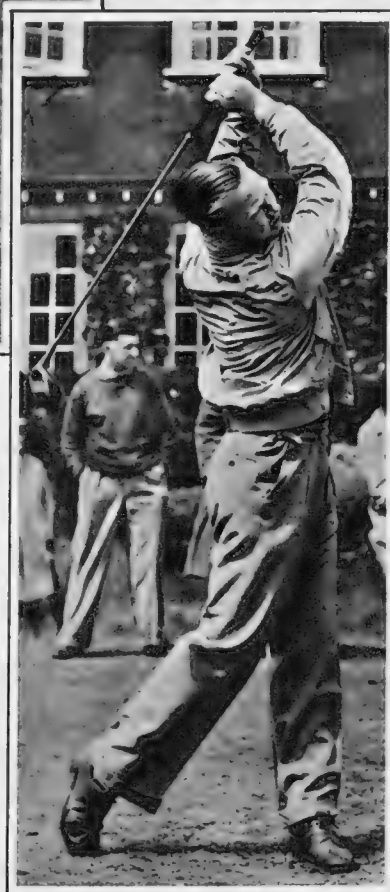
Nairn claims the distinction of being almost the only seaside course on which you can see the sea from every hole. Frankly, I believe that claim to be justified at Dornoch as well—but I wonder whether you can think of another? St. Andrews? No. Sandwich? Hoylake? Westward Ho! Birkdale? No. From some of these seaside courses you can't see the sea at all. When I quoted this point to a friend, he replied, "Well, what of it? The fact that you can see the sea doesn't make any difference to the golf." I suppose it is only a matter of opinion, but to me it makes a lot of difference, and I'll always choose a seaside course from which I can see the open sea in preference to one on which I am imprisoned by a range of sandhills.

At Nairn you play your opening tee shot almost from the beach. The first half runs, roughly speaking, along the shore and the second comes home parallel with it on slightly higher ground. The heather and gorse that border its fairways make it more difficult than Dornoch for a man who's off his game; otherwise I should rank them about on a par, though protagonists of each will tell you it's a lot more difficult than the other.

Through the kind offices of Jack Bookless I was able to have a day's shooting, "walking-up" grouse, with a friend of his. It was the first shot of the season, and once again I fell to compar-

ing the technique, especially psychological of the two "games." How often one plays a destructive golf shot and later realises that one has neither aimed nor squared up the stance nor even looked at the ball. The whole thing goes off, as it were, at half-cock. So it is with shooting. Even the best of shots admit to being guilty sometimes of this firing "in a panic," missing a sitter through loosing off in the general direction of the bird

instead of taking a quiet swing and a smooth follow-through. It's the same combination of forces that makes a man fluff his chip to the eighteenth when he could have kicked it on to the green with his toe. All very stupid, but so long as we stick to shot-guns, we'll be all right.



THE OTHER FINALIST AT
CARNOUSTIE: K. G. THOM

It takes two to make a good golf match, and although K. G. Thom, of Thorpe Hall, Essex, went under eventually to S. B. Williamson (see above), his fighting play did a lot to make the match interesting. Six down with eleven to go, he pulled up to one down by doing six holes of the stiff Carnoustie course in two under fours before going down by 4 and 2



Balmain

MISS ROSEMARY GROSVENOR PUTS
ONE DOWN THE FAIRWAY

Among the golfers by the edge of the sea at North Berwick has been Miss Rosemary Grosvenor, daughter of the late Lord Edward Grosvenor and of Lady Dorothy Charteris. Miss Grosvenor has taken full advantage of the golfing amenities of this lovely course, as will be seen from this picture of her driving off the Sea Hole tee. Her sister is on another page

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



WEST SUSSEX GOLF CLUB, PULBOROUGH—BY "MEL"

Said to owe its inception to a happy thought of Commander Hillyard as he looked out of his bathroom window one morning soon after coming to live in Pulborough, the West Sussex Golf Club is set in a perfect golfing pocket of sand, amid clayey golfing deserts. Just in this small area, white sand blows across heather to delight the golfer's heart, while distant downs go to make up a vista soothing to the eye. Major C. K. Hutchinson and Sir Guy Campbell had hands in designing the course, over every stage of whose development Commander Hillyard has watched with a fatherly eye since that first bathroom glimpse. It is 6205 yards long, with an extra 200 yards or so to be got from tiger tees, and as testing as they make them, even at the shorter length



SUMMER
WEDDING
IN
THE ISLE
OF
WIGHT

THE BRIDAL GROUP TAKEN AFTER THE CEREMONY

L. to r.: Miss Mary Campbell, Miss Peggy Philips, Miss Jocelyn Collins, Miss Rachel Davenport, Mr. Philip Flower (bridegroom), Miss Susan Davenport (bride), John Gaselee (page), Miss Elizabeth Grigg, Miss Lucia Lawson, Miss Rosemary Britten, Miss Diana Sotherton-Estcourt



CAPTAIN DICK PETO, MRS. RUBY LINDSAY
AND MR. TIMOTHY PETO



MR. HERBERT FLOWER, MRS. J. BRITTEN,
AND MRS. HERBERT FLOWER



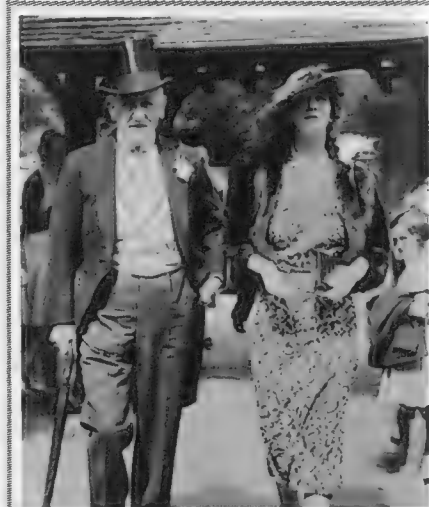
LT.-COL. "SAM" DAVENPORT WITH
LORD AND LADY HUNTINGFIELD



SIR RALPH GORE, SIR DERRICK GUNSTON,
LADY GORE AND LADY GUNSTON

The floating population of Bembridge turned from their yachts the other day to attend the wedding of two popular habitués, Mr. Philip Flower and Miss Susan Davenport. "Among those present" were Lord and Lady Huntingfield, he having recently finished his term as Governor of Victoria, Australia, where he was very popular and is much regretted, especially as his link with the country goes back to his birth in Queensland. Mrs. Ruby Lindsay is the mother of Lady Hinchinbrooke. Sir Ralph Gore, the bride's uncle, is one of the most famous helmsmen in this country. Sir Derrick Gunston, M.P., who represents Thornbury, Gloucestershire, in the House, has had a distinguished career both in the Army and in politics; for at the Armistice he was second-in-command of the 1st Battalion of the Irish Guards, and from 1931 to 1936 he was Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Neville Chamberlain during the present Premier's term at the Exchequer

Photos.: H. M. Till



BRIGADIER-GENERAL AND
MRS. ASPINALL-OGLANDER



LADY BURGHEY SMARTLY HATTED

The former Lady Mary Montagu-Douglas-Scott, youngest but one of the Duchess of Gloucester's four sisters and next in order of age to H.R.H., has been married to the Marquess of Exeter's elder son since 1929, and her popularity in Lincolnshire, her husband's home county, is unbounded. They live at Wakerley Manor, near Stamford, where, in spite of Lord Burghley's political duties as M.P. for Peterborough, many business "irons," and the practical interest he still takes in the sporting field in which he made hurdling history, he had his own hounds until last season, hunting them on Saturdays and an occasional bye-day. In March Lord Burghley accepted the invitation to join Mr. F. A. Cox in the Mastership of the East Sussex, but whether this plan materialises now rests with Hitler. Lord Burghley, Honorary Colonel, 5th Battalion Northamptonshires, used to be in the Grenadier Guards

THIS CHARMING PERSON :
TWO NEW PORTRAITS OF
LORD BURGHEY'S WIFE



Lenart, George St., W.

ANOTHER HEAD-STUDY OF LADY BURGHEY

THE HIGHLAND GAMES AT CORTACHY CASTLE



THE COUNTESS OF AIRLIE
RADIATING THE HAPPY
ATMOSPHERE OF THE GAMES



LORD OGILVY, ACTING CHIEFTAIN, AND MR.
JAMES LAIRD, THE FORESTER OF THE ESTATE



LADY AIRLIE, MAJOR OGILVY, LADY ZIA WERNHER
AND MR. IRVING, THE FACTOR



LADY MARGARET OGILVY AND MISS RUTH
BEDFORD (U.S.A.)



MAJOR ALLAN GARTHWAITE,
MISS ANNE GARTHWAITE
AND MISS MYRA WERNHER



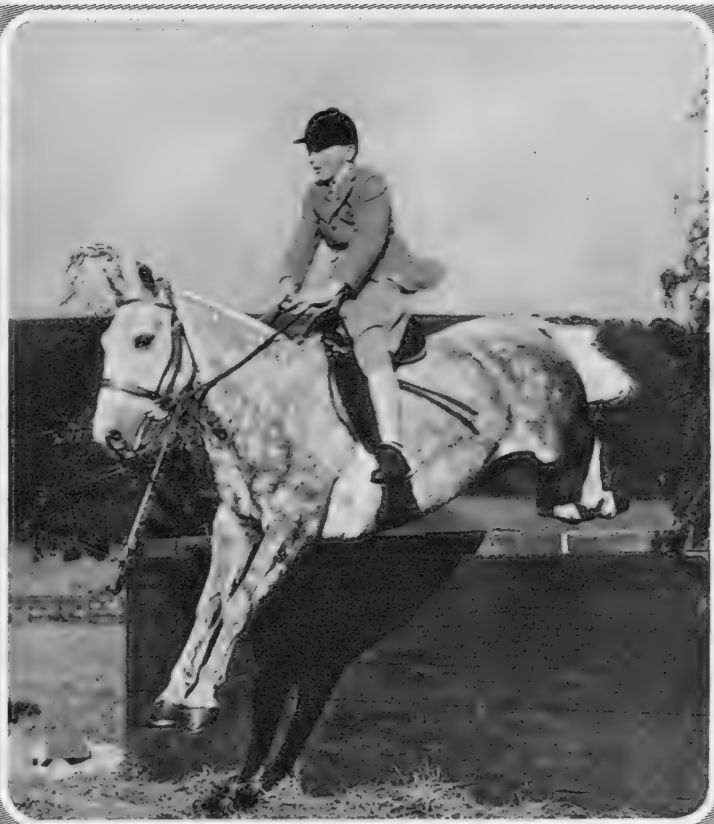
MRS. GARTHWAITE WITH
LADY GRISELDA OGILVY

Lord Airlie, not being able to be present owing to urgent circumstances having arisen, his son and heir, Lord Ogilvy, who was only born in 1926, deputised for him and did it very well. Lord Airlie is a Lt.-Colonel on the Reserve (Cavalry) and also a Brevet-Colonel of an infantry battalion (T.A.). Mr. James Laird, who is with the deputy chieftain, is a most popular personality. Lady Airlie certainly was not letting the crisis get on her nerves, and neither was Sir Harold Wernher's very charming wife. One of their daughters is in another picture with Major Garthwaite and his little daughter. Lady Margaret and Lady Griselda Ogilvy are two of Lord and Lady Airlie's daughters

THE WYLIE VALLEY HUNT AT PLAY!



NECK AND NECK IN THE BENDING RACE FINAL: MISS JUNE MATTHEWS
AND MISS MARY KENYON (WINNER)



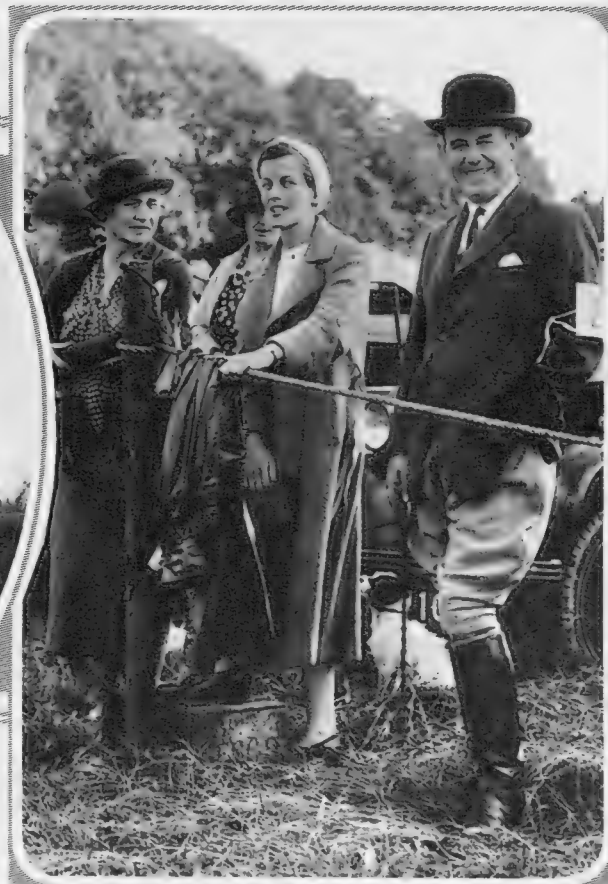
JOHN WILLS GOES WELL OVER THE TOP IN THE
CHILDREN'S JUMPING



MISS CLARE PHIPPS AND
MISS EILEEN PHIPPS



MISS H. CROSS MAKES LIGHT OF
A BIG 'UN



MRS. F. PINCKNEY, MISS H. IMRIE
AND SIR JAMES RITCHIE

The Wylie Valley Hunt Gymkhana, like all other entertainments of its species, provided a hatful of fun for everyone at a very appropriate moment. Keeping on keeping on is so tremendously good for national morale. They held it at Woodcock Farm, Warminster, and the hunt backed it up to a man, woman and child. Entries excellent; contests keen; and the jumping especially good, as perhaps can be seen. It was tough luck on Lady Wills' little son John that after doing that wall so nicely, hands, seat and all just right, that the very next obstacle brought disaster! Miss Cross, also doing the job very well, was the secretary of this gymkhana. The big battalions won in the bending race and proved yet once again that a good big 'un will always beat a good little 'un. Miss Clare Phipps and her sister are the daughters of Captain C. B. H. and Lady Sybil Phipps, she being a sister of the Duke of Buccleuch and a contributor to the prizes, as also were Mrs. Pinckney and Miss Imrie, seen above with Sir James Ritchie, who married a daughter of Captain Henry Streatfeild

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By
REGINALD
ARKELL

"Sitting Pretty"
at the
Princes



SYDNEY HOWARD—THE GREAT WHITE CHEF

THIS is one of those big, jolly, bouncing shows that are out to make you laugh at all costs. No innuendo is unexplored, no joke is left unturned. Everyone concerned is competent to the last degree, and the result is Success—complete and absolute.

Mind you, I am assuming that you are the sort of person who likes this sort of hearty stuff. You must be ready to meet these jolly fellows half-way. The gentleman who sat next to me rolled in his seat, slapped my knee, dug me in the ribs, and gave tongue like a young hound, whether he was on the scent of a joke or not. Fortunately, I was equally enthusiastic, so we got along famously—and what is a bruise or two in a good cause?

You must know that Wilberforce Tuttle (Sydney Howard), his wife, Clementina Tuttle (Vera Pearce), and his brother, Jeremiah Tuttle (Arthur Riscoe), have a wealthy relative who is prepared to make them rich above the average—if they can hold a job for four consecutive weeks. You think this should be easy? Then you don't know your Sydney Howard; no, nor your Arthur Riscoe neither, by gum!

The first scene is a London park. Sydney Howard has joined the police because his fountain-pen leaks and he has to wear something blue. To him comes Arthur Riscoe, newly engaged as "look-out for the Bermondsey Gang," and very soon Sydney is engaged in a game of Pluto with a bunch of rascals, during which he loses his dark lantern, his truncheon, and his helmet. Does this sound a trifle crude in the telling? Then the fault is mine, for this scene, like most of the ones that follow it, is as funny as any you will see on the London stage at the moment.

We pass on to the Chinese Room at the Porchester Hotel, where our dishonest toilers, engaged as temporary waiters, are out to sell boiled chicken to a Canadian millionaire who hates chicken and won't have it boiled at any price. There is a conference, at which the inevitable compromise is suggested. The gentleman wants something to tickle his palate? Very well,

ARTHUR RISCOE—SEEN
IN TWO DESPERATE
EFFORTS TO DODGE
WORK

he shall have chicken boiled in its feathers. . . . Still not smiling, my gentle highbrow? Then try to think of something funnier and send me the result on a postcard.

Scene 3 finds us sailing into the wind a little, with gusts of laughter stirring even the more placid stalls. Sydney and Arthur are now lady attendants at a suburban emporium where articles of the more intimate description are retailed. The customer, it appears, requires some silk to cover her settee—and what a settee. At this point, the gentleman next to me leapt into the air, disappeared, and was finally retrieved from beneath a seat on the other side of the gangway.

What next? Our two heroes have recruited themselves as sentries outside a harem, and, knowing that Vera Pearce is in the cast, is there any doubt in our minds as to who the pride of the harem will be? We entertain no such doubt, and how right we are! At this stage, we hold up the narrative to pay a tribute to Jack Donohue for arranging a dance in which, partnered by Miss Pearce, he performs such prodigies of valour as were never seen. Atlas, we know, supported the firmament upon his broad shoulders, but Jack Donohue supports Miss Pearce—a far more weighty proposition.

With the opening of the Second Act, Messrs. Howard and Riscoe are looking for work in the Arctic Zone, where, among the ice and the igloos, they feel so remote from current affairs that they no longer live in constant fear of Peace. This scene is notable for the costumes designed by René Hubert and worn by the local ladies—quite an eyeful they are, competing with those of the tropic islanders of a later episode. On this island, also, occurs the famous monsoon, one of the best bits of stage-effect anyone has seen for any number of years. An opportunity here to hand bouquets to Leon Davey for his scenery and to Herbert Bryan for his enterprising and colourful production.

On we go to the Wild West, where the two male Tuttles strike the main reef and Arthur Riscoe sings "She Came Rolling Down the Mountain." They are now so rich they fairly glitter with diamonds, those worn by Vera Pearce prompting an admirer to opine that her mother must have been frightened by a chandelier. But success does not spoil her. She has still a heart of gold, and the said admirer is able to add—looking at her sideways—that there is also gold "in them there hills."

So we reach the end of the story and a first-rate story it is, to be sure. Douglas Furber has always had a genius for the comic line well-timed, and he uses a natural gift with devastating effect. We should all be grateful to him—as to Patricia Burke, whose pleasant work as leading ladyship I had almost overlooked.



VERA
PEARCE:
"A HEART
OF GOLD
IN THEM
THERE
HILLS"



JACK DONOHUE: WHO
SINGS A LITTLE AND
DANCES A LOT

PATRICIA BURKE: PROVIDES
THE PRETTY PART OF THE TITLE

Priscilla in Paris

YES, Paris again, Très Cher, and somewhat earlier than I expected. Alarums and excursions! How fast the world moves! A week ago I wrote you from a peaceful garden at Nîmes and now, here I am, in a grimly hushed and waiting town, wondering what madness will happen next. So much has occurred in the last few days that my mind is somewhat blank, and I am still rather dizzy from an almost record run (for a fourteen-year-old car) from Vichy, beating the midday express by five minutes. We shed bits of hood all over N.7, but the old engine did not give a hiccup as I forced the ancient bus along. "Forced" is libellous! She responded to my demands like the perfect little lady she is. There was a grand old jam on the road, and out of the ninety-five cars that I passed between Vichy and Fontainebleau (after that, one had to slow down), thirty-six were G.B.s. Looks to me as if half the British Isles must have been down South this summer. A couple of days earlier, at the famous Ermitage Napoléon Hotel at Digne, where I met my stable-mate on his way up from Nice, the staff looked quite surprised at being spoken to in French. It was a case of "English and American spoken, French understood!" All along the Route Napoléon, even in the bleakest spots of the Col de la Croix Haute, were G.B. campers. Tent. Frying-pan. Eggs and bacon all complete! The girls were nearly all wearing the draughtiest shorts I have ever seen and were apparently quite unconscious of the interest they aroused thereby in the manly buzzums that passed along the N.75!

At Laragne I counted fourteen G.B. cars in the market-place, where I stopped to renew the commissariat. Fruit, a *pâté*, bottle of Evian, and the divinest, crustiest bread I have ever eaten. The bake-house was the shop itself, the open door of the oven showing row upon row of crisp, browned loaves that the baker was shovelling out with his long-handled, wooden *palette*. We stopped to picnic on the wooded slopes on the Grenoble side of the Hautes Alpes, preferring a nibble in the open to the heavy, though usually excellent, meals one gets at the average roadside *auberge*. Here again we watched the G.B. cars both going and coming. We admired the latter for their optimism, although bad news was not then as imperative as it became later. It was after Grenoble that the supports of my wind-screen decided to work loose, and that the screen had to be taken out and stowed in the speeder. Did we worry? Not with Lyons twenty kilometres away and the Lafayette garage handy. As far back as 1920 this most excellent garage has come to my rescue. I clattered in there with the exhaust of a car (that shall be nameless) bumping about like a kettle tied to a dog's tail and the *disjoncteur* (whatever that may be in English) of the dynamo jammed, only to sail out, a couple of hours later, as good as new. In 1925 I was there again with bad magneto trouble, arriving late in the evening and yet able to leave before ten next morning. This time, again, work that would have taken two or three days at my Paris garage was done between sunset and next midday.

It was at Lyons that my stable-mate's holidays came to an end and he departed, by train, for Paris, while I went on, *viâ* Roanne, by the pleasant, winding, G.C.25 that is a longer *détour* than by the N.7, but so picturesque and cool over and through the wooded greennesses of the Auvergne hills. Vichy was crowded. Every hotel and garage full. Cars were sleeping in the streets and people, less fortunate than



PLAYING AT THE MARIGNY

Janie Holt, who was seen in London last year in the exciting murder film, *L'Alibi*, with Eric von Stroheim, is now making French flesh creep by her brilliant performance in M. Diamont-Berger's murder-mystery play, *Box B*, which is scoring a big hit at the Marigny



JOSETTE DAY

One of the most attractive of the many charming *vedettes* in Continental films is this young actress, who was most recently seen over here in *Education de Prince*, that very funny film which introduced us to a grown-up Robert Lynen and provided an immaculately witty performance from the great Louis Jouvet

I, were sleeping in their cars. My nice Queen's et Grande Bretagne found room for me, however, and everyone, from Mme. Bellam, the proprietress, to my old friend the *concierge*, gave me a heart-warming welcome. A cool shower, dinner in the timbered dining-room overlooking the park (cold *consommé*, *truite au bleu*, peaches, coffee), and so to bed, full of plans for the morrow: people to see, a new *établissement* to visit and, the day after, off again to my Island. But next morning came the news of the partial mobilisation. The wires hummed between the two towns and, at midday, I had just been told that I might have to wait for another hour or so to get the connection, when my stable-mate got his call to me in first, suggesting that it would be rather jolly if we dined together as he had been called up and was leaving Paris the same evening. As I have already said, Miss Chrysler 1924 did me prahd except in the matter of shedding her hood in tatters along the N.7, but that was my own fault for not strapping it down properly when I furled it for the sake of a shade more speed.

I arrived in time for dinner, and to let out the back seam of his 1918 uniform pants! The crowd at the Gare de l'Est was, I am told, very much the same as in 1914, but personally I have no point of comparison, since I was in Brussels at that time. My own impression is that while the young people were all thrilled and excited, little realising, poor angels, what war really is, the older men were grimly resigned, grimly determined, and not a little bored. It was the same old attitude of "we don't want to fight, but. . ." You know! Only intensified! The train was, of course, crowded beyond credibility and miles long.

PRISCILLA.



MISS HARBIG AND MR. MICHAEL FARMER, RIVIERA REGULAR

"THE GREATEST OF THESE..."

Bal des Petits Lits Blancs at Cannes



MR. TEDDY PHILLIPS, MME. AIMÉE LOPEZ, AND THE HON. "EDDIE" WARD



SIR GEORGE AND LADY PRESCOTT ARRIVING



M. AND MME. JACQUES WITTOUCK AND THE MARCHESE SAN FELICE



MISS ELSA MAXWELL, IN HEART, OF COURSE, WITH M. CHARLES DAVILLER



CAPTAIN AND MRS. LEONARD PLUGGE, ASHORE FROM "LENNYANN"



LADY (DORIS) ORR-LEWIS AND SIR FRANK SANDERSON, M.P.

France, our stalwart friend, supports many good causes in gala fashion, but the Bal des Petits Lits Blancs in aid of children's hospitals all over the country, is her greatest charity function of the year. Held annually at Palm Beach, Cannes, this grand party has M. Léon Bailby, director of *Le Jour*, as chief organiser. The 1939 version went as well as ever, and 1000 people each gladly paid 1000 francs for the fun of participating. Two English M.P.s who just made it before flying home to Westminster were Captain Leonard Plugge (Chatham) and Sir Frank Sanderson (Ealing). Captain Plugge is head of I.B.C., which livens Sundays for listeners *via* Radio Normandie. Other supporters from over here included Lord Dudley's brother, the Hon. "Eddie" Ward; Major Sir George and Lady Prescott, and Sir Guy Campbell's sister-in-law. The Marchese San Felice is Italian Consul in Monaco, and M. Wittouck, popular owner was recently appointed his Belgian opposite number. M. Daviller, used to be Rumanian Minister in New York



ON THE TERRACE: MR. JIM ROSE AND MRS. ARCHIE CAMPBELL

GRAND PRIX DAY



H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF
RAJPIPLA AND MISS ELLA
ATHERTON
(BELOW) MISS CORINNE
LUCHAIRE



MRS. PATRICIA WEMYSS
BETWEEN RACES



THE MARQUIS DE BLANCHERVAL AND THE
COMTESSE JEANNE DE SALVERT

Although the crisis robbed Deauville of many of its most regular supporters before Grand Prix day, there was still a good attendance for a very exciting day's racing. The Aga Khan was one of the enforced absentees, but the Begum remained, looking very chic in black and white. Another superlatively well-dressed lady was the Comtesse Jeanne de Salvart who is always up in the experts' ranking for clothes. Films were represented by Miss Corinne Luchoire and Mr. Bruce Cabot, who is now to be seen in *Dodge City* at the Warner Theatre

AT DEAUVILLE



MRS. RUPERT BYASS AND MR.
BRUCE CABOT IN THE Paddock

(BELOW) H.H. THE BEGUM
AGA KHAN



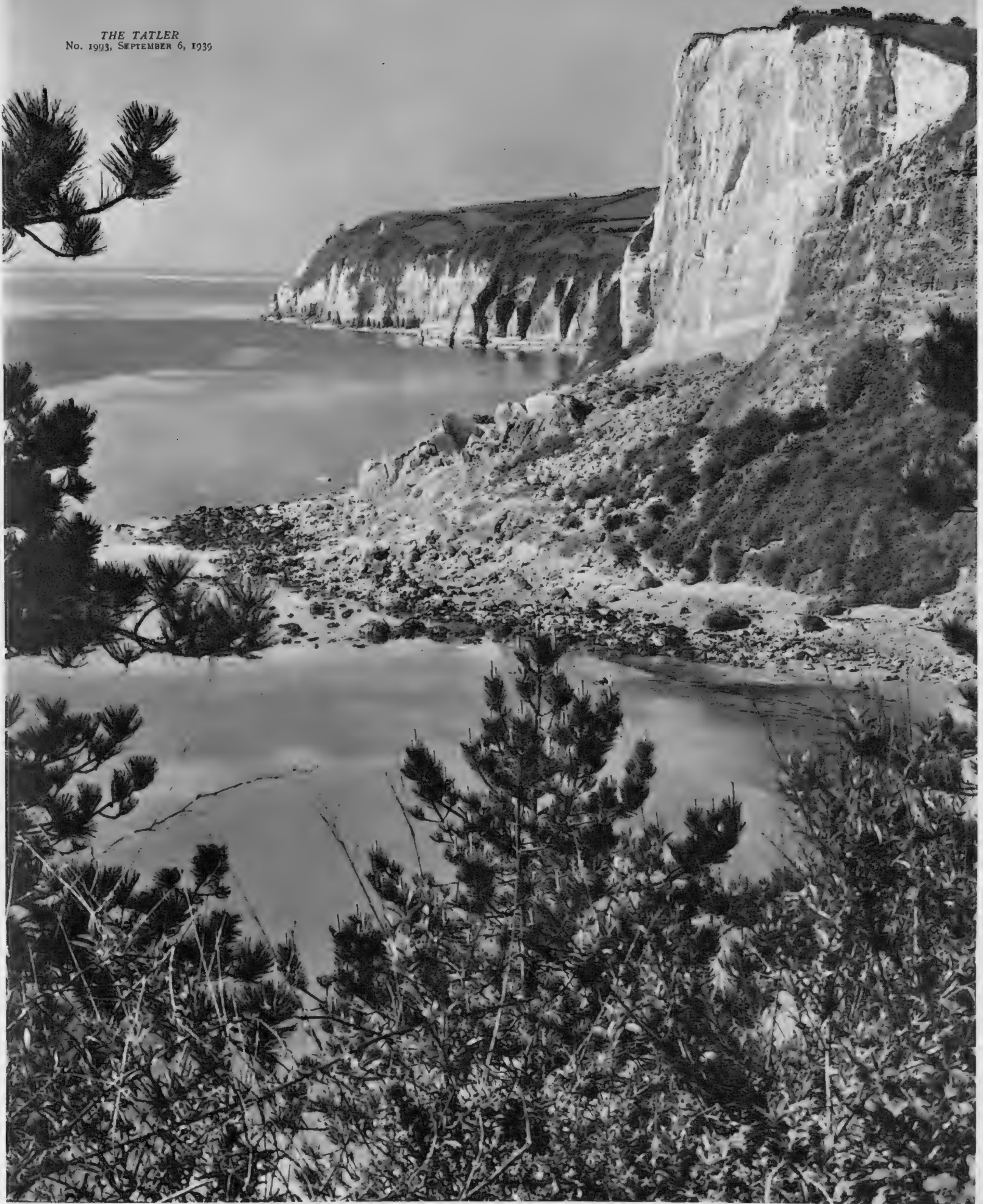


Photo. : Val Doone

THE DEVON COAST
WEST OF SEATON

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm ;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Goldsmith—Deserted Village

. IN THE EYE O



THE HON. MRS. LANGTON ILIFFE

Tunbridge

LADY MARY HERBERT, WIFE
AND HER S

A gallery of three who are well known in the social world and, as to two of them, in that wider one of the satrapies of the British Empire. The Hon. Mrs. Langton Iliffe, the former Miss Renée Mirandon du Plessis, married Lord Iliffe's son and heir last December, and they have their abode in Shakespeare's very own county. Lord Iliffe, as most of the world knows, is a figure in the Fourth Estate, and, amongst other activities, a Director of the *Daily Telegraph*. In his leisure hours Lord Iliffe is a very good shot. Lady Mary Herbert, the former Lady Mary Fox-Strangways, elder daughter of the Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, and of the Countess of Ilchester, is the consort of the new Governor of Bengal, a charge that is scarcely a sinecure.

OF THE BEHOLDER!"



Marcus Adams

OF BENGAL'S NEW GOVERNOR,
SON, ROBIN



Dorothy Wilding

THE COUNTESS OF HOPETOUN

Colonel Sir John Herbert was formerly Member for Monmouth, also formerly an officer in the Blues and a master of foxhounds. It will not be Colonel Herbert's first experience of The Shiny, as he was an A.D.C. on the staff of the Viceroy, the then Lord Irwin and present Lord Halifax, the Foreign Secretary. Lady Hopetoun constitutes another link with that place that the eloquent Lord Curzon called "the brightest gem in the Imperial diadem," for Lord Hopetoun is the son and heir of the present Viceroy of India, the Marquess of Linlithgow. Lady Hopetoun, then Miss Vivian Kenyon-Slaney, was married in Westminster Abbey on July 24 this year, his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury officiating

STAR OF TO-DAY AND STARS OF TO-MORROW



NORMA SHEARER AS SHE APPEARS IN
"THE WOMEN"



A COMING STAR:
VIRGINIA DALE

(RIGHT) HELEN PARRISH AT
CORONADO BEACH

One of the most interesting prospects in the film world nowadays is the version of *The Women* which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are screening with a terrific battery of feminine talent. Norma Shearer, after her one excursion into naughtiness in *Idiot's Delight*, returns to the more or less straight and narrow in the part of Mary Haines, who is pretty badly pushed about by the cattery which makes up the rest of the cast until she's pushed off said straight and narrow. Our other two pictures show young ladies who can hope to achieve Norma Shearer's distinguished position. Helen Parrish as a matter of fact, is already something of a veteran, having appeared at the age of two in a Babe Ruth picture. She will probably be better remembered, though, as one of Deanna Durbin's charming sisters in *Three Smart Girls Grow Up*. Virginia Dale, whose striking resemblance to Carole Lombard will be noticed, is in the Paramount star nursery, and we are told to expect her in a hit film soon



OUT TO BEAT THE CRISIS BOGEY AT NORTH BERWICK



MISS BEATRICE GROSVENOR WATCHES THE
HON. ANTHONY ASQUITH HIT A GOOD ONE



MRS. FOX-PITT AND MISS SPEIR,
COLONEL GUY SPEIR'S DAUGHTER



LORD BELPER, CAPTAIN LANE, AND COLONEL
THE HON. SIR STANLEY JACKSON (DRIVING)



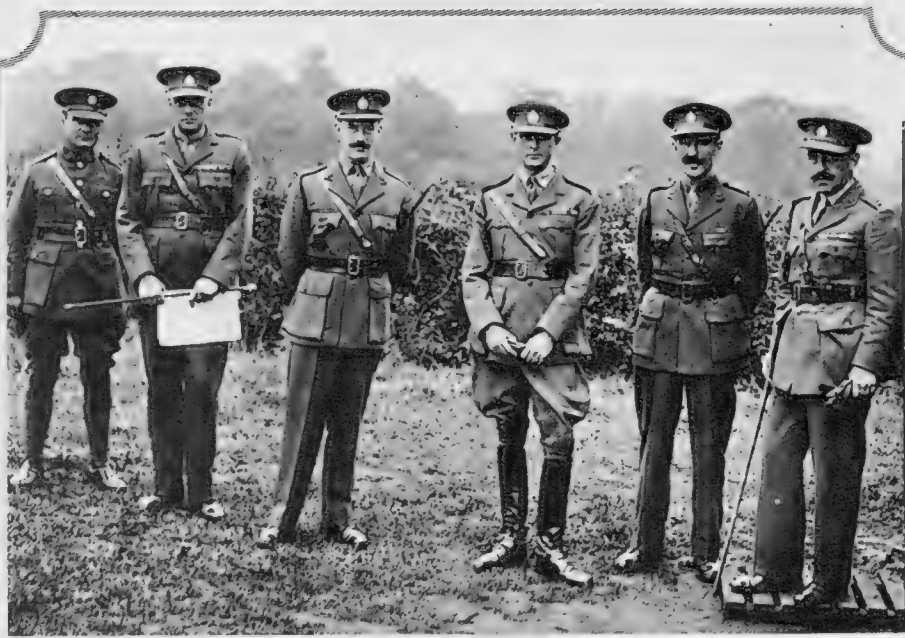
PARTNERS IN NORTH BERWICK'S OPEN MIXED FOURSOMES: CAPTAIN C. C. BELL, R.N.,
AND MISS ROBERTSON-DURHAM, MRS. E. ESMOND AND BARON G. DE WALDNER



LORD AND LADY BELPER AND SONS: THE
HON. PETER STRUTT HAS THE HONOUR

Photographs: Balmain

These pictures, taken shortly before the crisis reached its climax, show that at North Berwick, as elsewhere, the "war of nerves" proved a complete flop. There was a big entry for the Mixed Foursomes open golf competition, an inaugural meeting, played on the West Links. The ultimate winners were Captain C. C. Bell, R.N., and Miss Robertson-Durham (a former Scottish champion), who are seen here with their second-round opponents, Mrs. Edward Esmond and her son-in-law, Baron Geoffrey de Waldner, who were beaten one up after a very close match. Mrs. Esmond, mother of three golfing daughters, is the wife of the well-known owner. Lord and Lady Belper and their young sons played several family foursomes. Both the Hon. Peter and the Hon. Rupert Strutt are as keen as mustard on the game. Lord Belper was also concerned in a three-ball with Captain Sidney Lane and Colonel the Hon. Sir Stanley Jackson, and the camera arrived just in time to shoot the famous "Jacker" cracking one away from the first tee. Mrs. W. A. F. L. Fox-Pitt is an A.T.S. Company Commander for Oxfordshire; her husband, O.C. Regiment and Regimental District Welsh Guards, also commands the Officer Producing Group. Miss Beatrice Grosvenor is the late Lord Edward Grosvenor's daughter



Truman Howell

WITH THE 68th SEARCHLIGHT REGIMENT

This unit was formerly the 1st (Rifle) Battalion, the Monmouthshire Regiment (T.A.), and the picture was taken at its war station somewhere in England. Lord Tredegar, who is the Hon. Colonel, is the third holder of that title to have held this post

The names: (l. to r.) R.S.M. Rhodes, Colonel R. C. L. Thomas, M.C. (former C.O.), Lieut. C. H. Alger, Colonel Lord Tredegar, Major W. L. Wade, and Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Wilson (C.O.), the last surviving officer to see service in this battalion in the last war

"On n'est jamais si heureux ni si malheureux qu'on s' imagine."

De La Rochefoucauld.

THE free translation of the famous Maxime Morale is "Keep your hair on." It is only quoted because it is so true. There is no need to tell this nation to keep its hair on, for its courage is magnificent: there is not even a quivering eyelid to be seen. True bravery is that which carries on with full knowledge of the nature and quality of the danger to be faced. Give me the chap who does not ask "Can he jump?" but says "Where is he?"

THERE is just one thing that never ought to have happened and should stop, and that is this carping and crabbing of a good "jockey" who was so wise as not to attempt to make his run last September. Our horse was on the wrong leg coming round the turn and the "jockey" had the discrimination to sit absolutely quiet until he got him balanced. Now the horse is balanced and is bound to gallop on and win his race with his ears cocked!

They seem to have made things absolutely safe and snug in Gib. Read this from *The Times* correspondent:

According to a police announcement to-day all musicians and other performers in Gibraltar establishments, except British, are ordered to quit Gibraltar before Saturday, when their permits of residence will be cancelled.

The "musicians," of course include all organ grinders and their monkeys. It



LEGAL BIG SHOTS

Among the party shooting from the Drumochter Lodge, at Dalwhinnie in Inverness-shire, were several legal luminaries as will be seen from this picture

Names: (l. to r.) Mr. F. Baker, Mr. S. C. Varwell, Colonel Simner, Mrs. E. Grimston, the Rt. Hon. Sir Boyd Merriman, O.B.E., K.C., Mr. M. V. Barrowhill, and Mr. Ernest Grimston

Pictures in the Fire



THE SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE AMATEURS

The team shown above had very much their own way with the Gentlemen of Suffolk (see opposite page) when the latter came over to the St. John's College ground at Oxford for a two-day match. H. E. Peto was the star performer for the South Oxonians, scoring 86 in the first innings and 90 in the second

Names: (l. to r., back row) R. V. Jackson, H. C. Sykes, W. Spanton, H. E. Peto, K. L. Millar, R. J. B. Fox; (front row) D. C. Money, R. H. Plumtre, S. C. B. Lee (captain), F. E. Woodall, Dr. A. V. House

is a master-stroke of strategy. It makes the Mediterranean absolutely safe.

The problem which has been, and is, before the principally interested parties at this moment can be very concisely stated as one of war in three dimensions and its almost completely foregone conclusions. It is convenient to place this thing like this: (a) The naval war which is over before a single round has been fired, and with the naval war is bound up the economic war. (b) The air war which will probably end in a dead-heat, and the emphasis is on the word "dead"; and (c) The land war, which in contra-distinction to the other two departments, might quite easily last twice the length of the 1914-18 operations, but of which the result is even more certain because of (a) which all down through history, has been, and is still, the decisive factor. No one can live indefinitely on his own fat. The destroying force of absolute command of the seas is not arguable.



WITH THE A.T.S. AT COWLEY

Mrs. Coleridge Hills, commanding the 40th Oxfordshire Company, and Miss M. H. Holland. The unit is "supporting" to the Oxford and Bucks L.I.

By "SABRETACHE"



THE GENTLEMEN OF SUFFOLK

In spite of two fighting knocks by their captain, F. S. Beauford, who hit up 87 and 65 in the two innings, the Gentlemen of Suffolk went under to the South Oxfordshire Amateurs at Oxford the other day. The final scores were: South Oxfordshire Amateurs, 339 for 8 dec. and 176 for 5 dec.; Gentlemen of Suffolk, 265 and 148

Names: (l. to r., back row) E. J. Druce, E. J. Robins, P. G. Wilson, P. Tomkin, P. Aitkin, E. Ambrose; (front row) E. W. Eardley, J. Holt-Wilson, F. S. Beauford (captain), C. S. Wilson, R. G. Evans

To this country a war which involves a direct attack upon women and children is repugnant in the last degree, but unhappily war is war, and we cannot overlook the probability of what would happen to us if the boot were on the other leg. We have not forgotten the German submarine blockade. The submarine as an effective instrument of blockade has ceased to be a menace. The surface fighting-ship is still a terribly potent force which air attack cannot remove. These are the hard facts in a very small nutshell, and there is no gainsaying them.

The leading case out of a very great number is the "Battle Bull's Head" (Bukephala), the place which to-day answers to the name of Jhelum. Alexander beat King Porus to a pulp, but he would never have made a success of his retirement down the Indus if he had not had his ships to take his army home at the mouth of that river. His eventual destruction lacking his ships was inevitable. His invincibility on land would have availed him nothing. This is a very reliable parallel case.

Another war problem which has cropped up is this: Whether supposing one of your guests at a dinner-party suddenly has an attack of sneezing and shoots his false teeth straight into the soup, what



Truman Howell

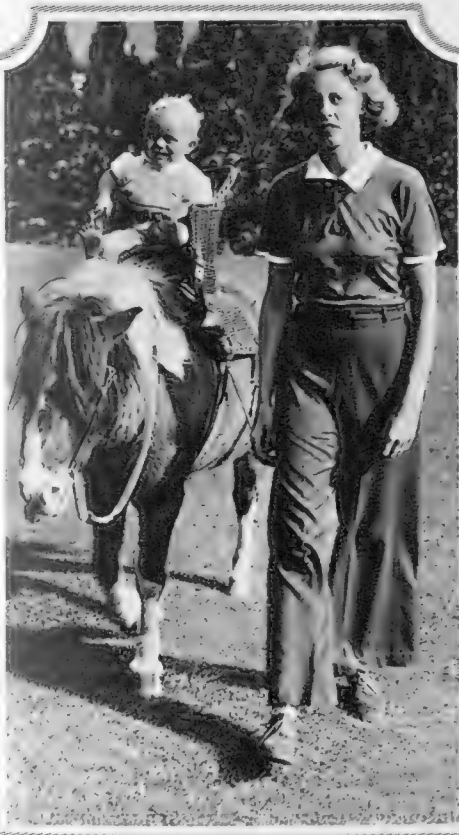
WITH THE 4th K.S.L.I. SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND

The battalion is one of the new "duplicates" which have so materially increased our fighting strength. Lieut.-Colonel Herbert, who commands this unit, was formerly in the 60th, and is a relative of Lord Powis

The names in the picture are: (l. to r.) Major Rivers-Currie (Adj't.), Lieut.-Colonel E. R. H. Herbert (C.O.), Colonel Lord Bradford (Hon. Colonel), Brigadier J. G. Bruenor-Randall (O.C., Nth Infantry Brigade), Colonel J. H. Westley (Sec., Shropshire T.A.A.), and Major Johnson (Second-in-Command)

ought you to do? We are advised that if you're a gentleman you would either say: "What do you think of Hitler?" or "What a blasted nuisance dentists are!" It would be much better, I think, to say "Good shot!" This incident reminds me of another painful one which was reported when one of our very much over-worked Royal Family was on tour in Canada. There was the not unusual ceremony of the planting of a tree in commemoration of the royal occasion. The hole had been dug, the seedling was duly poised ready for interment and the royal spade was handed to the royal personage; at the crucial moment, when the Mayor had started to say: "We, the loyal citizens of South Saskatchewan, have the honour . . ." out came his dentures, and in they went to the pit. There was such a lot of cheering that the Royal Highness, not noticing the incident, shovelled in the first spadeful, and then all the other spademen hanging around shovelled in their lot. What happened to the poor Mayor's teeth I never heard.

Another story about "strangers" which was sent to me is almost too gruesome to print—a rough indication is that there was a very rough sea and the poor victim was a very bad sailor.



Truman Howell

A PEACEFUL PICTURE

The Hon. Mrs. Harry McGowan and one-year-old son Duncan at Coryton, Glamorganshire, the peaceful home of Mrs. McGowan's mother, Elizabeth Lady Cory



AT THE STRATH MARKIE SHOOT

Mrs. Eden, sister-in-law of the ex-Foreign Secretary, has leased the Strath Markie, Laggan Lodge shoot, in the Highlands, bordering Perthshire and Inverness-shire, and a party was shooting with her from it

The names are: (l. to r.) Dr. Clouster, Mrs. Eden, Mr. McCormack, Mr. Adamson, and Mr. Clouster

LAWN TENNIS

By GODFREY WINN



MIXED DOUBLES AT DUFFIELD

Yermans

Several well-known Derbyshire county players took part in a recent mixed doubles tournament at Duffield, near Derby. Another participant was Mrs. Roy McKelvie, who won the All-England Women's Plate at Wimbledon this year, and was in the district for the Buxton tournament, in which she won the women's doubles partnered by Miss R. Jarvis. In this group are (back row, l. to r.): E. G. B. Atkinson, Captain G. R. B. Bird, Mrs. A. J. Robotham, A. J. Robotham, Mrs. E. E. Sullivan-Tailour, W. B. Thacker, Miss F. A. Sowter, Mrs. W. B. Thacker, W. L. P. Woolley; (front row) Mrs. L. C. Thornton, Mrs. Cruickshanks, Major E. E. Sullivan-Tailour, Mrs. S. H. Evershed, Mrs. R. D. McKelvie.

IT will be funny if when this appears it will be to find Europe engaged upon yet one more war to end all war. No, of course, funny wasn't the right adjective to use:

I should have borrowed one from our French allies. *Incroyable*. It certainly seems incredible to myself at this moment, because I am writing this in a setting that might have been designed for some stupendous pageant of peace. In the distance there is a perfect example of Elizabethan architecture (inside there is the bed that the old girl slept in, if that would give you a kick), and as far as I can see stretch other formal beds, equally innocent of impending doom, for they are full of flowers, in their turn dyed deep with all the colours of the summer, blessed by the sun at last, while, in contrast, towards me stretch polite green lawns, leading to an archery ground, near which I sit with a pad on my knee, in the silent, somnolent shade, wishing and praying that this week-end might never end. Just in case it is the last one, for a long time . . . who knows?—perhaps for ever, when my programme may legitimately consist of tennis, bathing, eating, reading and writing in the shade . . . and again, tennis, bathing, eating and washing it down with Great Foster's own recipe for nectar . . . and then one final midnight bathe, because the pool and the trees behind are so cunningly floodlit to resemble a Hollywood set, you can't resist such an atmosphere of romantic possibilities. Don't envy me the description. Don't consider it out of place. At this moment each one of us has an equal right, nay, more important still, the equal need for some such memory, that will help to sustain and encourage us in the months ahead, that must in any circumstances, be nerve-racking and depressing almost beyond bearing.

Now on this page in the past I have sometimes made tennis prophecies, and this year I have been exceedingly fortunate in my predictions. Political and international form is beyond my scope . . . you don't have to tell me that. All the same, it's frankly impossible this week to keep the situation, crisis, holocaust, call it what you like, off this page. It keeps on intruding. The only thing I can do is to try to distract my own thoughts, and, maybe, yours, too, by drawing such a picture as I have already done, even if, perchance, it is the last picture that I do draw, before, like all of us, I have to go about my country's business. Like the young, go-ahead manager of Great Foster's, Peter Jeffries,

who thinks nothing of getting up at three in the morning to buy the vegetables in Covent Garden himself, and at three o'clock the next afternoon, when he is off duty and you might expect to find him laid out on his bed in a comatose state, instead you would have to look for him at a near-by aerodrome, where he will be playing his part as a pilot in the Civil Air Guard. And then back in time, without a sign of where he has been, to do his job once more, his other job. That is the spirit that is typical of a new generation of young men and women. After all, we are all servants of some sort, whatever our niche in life; we all have to take orders sometimes and stand to attention and admit someone to be our boss, even if it is only our ambition. But behind the façade of our uniform there is, deep-down in our hearts, a universal determination, shared by all classes of the community, not to allow our national pride to be sacrificed another iota in our dealings with the man who imagines, overwrought as he obviously is, that the whole world is his Munich, for the asking. Well, there is certainly not going to be another Munich. And though I write this while diplomacy still wears a glove upon its mailed fist, two things seem to stand out with logical clarity. When Chamberlain gave way a year ago, he did so because he knew that we were hopelessly unprepared, he knew just what was the legacy that Baldwin and MacDonald had left behind. Let Chamberlain's critics remember that always. He fought for time, and got twelve months! An invaluable

twelve months. If Hitler really hoped to conquer Europe by force, and put the British Empire out of business, why didn't he strike then? He had an excellent chance of winning a lightning war. Now he surely cannot hope (and is there no inkling in his mystic mind of it?) to be successful in a long, drawn-out struggle of attrition against the Democracies, who are so much richer in material reserves. Well, there it is: perhaps if Hitler had played tennis he would never have run amok in the way he has. That last sentence makes a perfect quotation for the boys with a funny column. But I can't help that. Anything divorced from its context can be made to look ridiculous. But unintimidated, I return to my thesis. What a miraculous relaxation the tennis court has provided me with this week-end. I could hardly put it too strongly when I say that it has saved my sanity. Had I been a golfer, or any other sort of active sportsman, it would have been just the same. But Hitler has never had any sort of relaxation at all. That is to say, if you omit his gay exchanges of badinage with young American dancers. And you can't take that seriously . . . not like a tennis match! Who knows, if the Führer, in the days when he was still a painter's assistant, had been able to soothe his secret passionate longings for some escape from his humdrum existence, by doing his football pools every week, he might never, in his restless dissatisfaction, have thrown in his lot with National Socialism. He would have been too occupied in trying to discover other kinds of winners. Fair-fetched? Farcical? Of course. I meant it to be. The conversation was becoming too serious. Besides, it's too hot to argue, and, anyway, here's a most welcome distraction, for I see approaching me from the direction of the tennis courts someone with whom I've a return date. Another left-hander like myself, Leavold, but I must confess he's got much more patience than I possess on court. He never complains how badly his partner plays, and if you adopt tennis as your career, as he has done, you have to go on saying, bad luck partner, well tried partner, until the cows come home. Or, rather, go home. I would say that a tennis professional, a first-rate, conscientious one, has a harder job, taking it day in and day out, season after season, than any policeman, miner, or stoker. I wonder if you agree with me? Of course, we all think our own job is the hardest. That's human nature. But at least in the

(Continued on page 460)



Whether for the O.A. Critchley Memorial Stakes, to be run on September 30th, the dramatic £3,500 "White City" at the close of the year's racing or the famous Greyhound Derby in June, training at the G.R.A. Northaw kennels proceeds at the same even tempo the whole year round. Through wooded parkland, over Hertfordshire grasslands the daily exercise takes place, under the supervision of understanding experts. The picture shows two track thoroughbreds in the care of their kennelboy



"VIRGINIA" OF THE FAMOUS HOFFMAN GIRLS IN "THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED"

A SMALL girl was taken to the Zoo by her father. As they stood before a lion's cage, the father explained how fierce and strong lions were and how they would attack and devour human beings.

The child drank it all in. Then she said :

"Daddy, if it got out of its cage and ate you up, what number 'bus would I have to take to get home?"

"Lady," pleaded the small boy, holding out a hand, "if you give me a penny, my little brother 'll imitate a hen."

"What will he do?" asked the lady, smiling, "cackle like a hen?"

"No," replied the boy, with a snort of derision, "he wouldn't do a cheap imitation like that. He'll eat a worm!"

"There's aristocratic blood in my family," boasted Smythe-Smythe.

"Really?" drawled Smith. "How many transfusions?"

A lady had advertised for a girl for general housework, and was showing the applicant over the house. She had been very liberal in her promise of privileges—afternoons off, evenings off, and so on—and it looked as though the two were about to come to some agreement, when the girl suddenly asked: "Do you do your own stretchin'?"

"Do we do our own what?" asked the puzzled mistress.

"Stretchin'," repeated the new girl.

"I don't understand."

"Stretchin'," repeated the girl a second time. "Do you put all the food on the table at dinner and stretch for it, or do I have to shuffle it around?"

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK



"PEGGY," ANOTHER HOFFMAN LOVELY



"VIOLET," ANOTHER OF THE HOFFMAN SIXTEENSOME

George Black's *The Little Dog Laughed* comes to the Palladium on September 13, after a little seaside trip to Brighton, and succeeds Jack Hylton's *Band Waggon*. The Hoffman Girls, present and past, are the highest expression of American beauty, and have always created a positive furore whenever they have come. The one regret is that space precludes the inclusion of the portraits of the other twelve lovelies. *The Little Dog Laughed* is heavily "gunned," as some of George Black's other shows have been, by the famous Crazy Gang



AND "NATALIE," YET ANOTHER OF THE BEAUTIFUL SIXTEEN AT THE PALLADIUM

He was very henpecked, but at last he reached the end of his endurance, and after a final row with his wife, took his bowler hat from the peg in the hall and said: "I'm going."

Three years later he returned, and his wife demanded: "Where on earth have you been?"

"Out," he replied, and hung his hat on the same peg.

For some reason or other the magistrate was not exactly clear as to what the case was all about, so he tried to find out by questioning the prisoner.

"What were you doing when you were arrested?"

"Waiting, Sir."

"What for?"

"Money, Sir."

"Who was to give you the money?"

"The man I was waiting for, Sir."

"What did he owe it to you for?"

"Waiting, Sir."

The magistrate's head began to swim, and he made a last effort to get things clear.

"What do you do for a living?" he demanded.

"Waiting, Sir," said the prisoner.

Pat's wife awoke in the small hours to see him stealthily moving about in the kitchen.

"What might ye be lookin' for, darlin'?" she asked.

"Nothing," said Pat, "just nothing."

"Oh!" said his wife, helpfully. "Then ye'll find it in the bottle where the whisky used to be."

"What have you done with that book, 'How to Live a Hundred Years'?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"You don't think I'm going to leave that lying about with your mother in the house, do you?" replied Mr. Brown.

Renée Houston *says* **Ovaltine** *gives me endless Vitality*



Star of the
Gains-
borough
production,
"A Girl
Must Live."

MISS RENÉE HOUSTON is a strong advocate of 'Ovaltine.' She writes :

"If you want a perfect night's sleep, follow my advice and drink 'Ovaltine.' I take it regularly and I can assure you that I am never without it, wherever I may be. It gives me endless vitality."

You, too, will find that a cup of delicious 'Ovaltine' just as you are ready for bed is the surest way of bringing deep, refreshing sleep. And while you sleep, the health-giving goodness of 'Ovaltine' restores spent energy and builds up new strength and vigour for the coming day.

Drink a cup of 'Ovaltine' to-night—and every night—and note the difference.

*Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.*

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

out any two other people with one hand tied behind our back. I do not think that this fact is as fully understood by some people as it ought to be for the good of their health. We do not want to be unpleasant, but . . . !

As some of us seem to think that polo (especially the International kind) as we play it at present, is not all that can be wished, perhaps the following short account of how they do things in Chitral (N.W.F., India) may be of some passing interest to the Rules Committee of Hurlingham. I purloin the extract from an excellent article in the 1939 issue of the "Hoghunters' Annual":

The two chief diversions are hawking and polo. One the sport and the other the game of the country. Why polo should be played at all is, to me, a mystery. The country consists chiefly of mountains, and the



ROUSHAM PARK WIN AT LE TOUQUET

This side, which was half Budgett (reference number, Kirtlington), beat Roubaix 9½ (rec. 2½) to 6 for the Prix du Phare at the recent tournament at Le Touquet

The names are: (l. to r.) A. M. Budgett, R. A. Budgett, P. Evzaguirre, and A. Mosselmans

THIS may not seem to be an appropriate moment to talk about any game excepting the greatest and most exciting of them all, *Kriegspiel*; but the value of keeping the nation's chin well up in conditions of much peril is incalculable. Morale lost, all lost! Wellington had his pack of foxhounds during that trying Torres Vedras period: he had imitators during the Great War. To keep on keeping on anything that induces sangfroid is a fine recipe. It has also a very disconcerting effect upon the enemy. I think, therefore, that we ought to take off our hats to the people at Dunster who carried on all through the scorching international heat of last week, and also to the chaps who went on with cub-hunting, shooting, the bat and ball game, golf, lawn tennis, Soccer, and so forth. Trivial, sez you? Not a bit of it, but fine work in the way of keeping the ship on an even keel. This is the thing we must do even if White War suddenly turns Red. It has been a devastating counter-attack in the War of Nerves which had been already lost by Germany.

"The Royal Naval Polo Association and Hunt Club Year Book, 1939" is, as ever, a most excellently compiled and useful *vade-mecum* for the horse-loving sailor, which is the same thing as saying "every sailor," for, as I have found, the first thing he does after getting off a ship that has been jumping the high seas, is to get on to something on four legs which can also jump. In the Year Book the serving N.O. gets information from every known quarter of the more or less civilised globe, and all in a very handy and concise form. There is one paragraph in the President's (Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes') report which I feel may be of special interest at the moment, because of certain things happening in the Mediterranean, and it is this one:

Reports from Malta suggest that the outlook for Naval polo there is improving, and one is very pleased to learn that the Navy have regained possession of the Rundle Cup. This was in no small measure due to the sporting attitude of the Army, who agreed to play this match before the 1st Flotilla sailed for home. In other directions also Malta polo appears to have taken a turn for the better. Fewer ships have to be employed on the coast of Spain, and Fleet movements are more settled, some batches of new ponies have arrived from Algeria, and the new regiments in Malta have produced many players, although with unrest in Palestine, many of the soldier-players have gone there for duty.

This was written, of course, before the faction fight in Spain was quite over. There is no likelihood of anything or anybody being able to interfere with polo in Malta if it is desired to play it. We have enough on the spot to knock



THE ROUBAIX TEAM AT LE TOUQUET

Rousham Park (see above) beat this side 9½ (rec. 2½) to 6—that is, without the aid of their handicap—for the Prix du Phare, one of the many recent contests

The names are: (l. to r.) A. Gallant, Captain A. Brau, T. Rasson, and J. Noblet

word "maidan" has no relation to the horizontal plane, yet polo is played in its own very robust form. There are no rules making for safe play. Crossing is the custom and the habit of hooking sticks in literally any position, behind or in front, from either side and across the opponent's pony's fore-legs is apt to be disconcerting.

All ponies are stallions. In the North mares are played occasionally, so riding off is naturally not often practised. The game is sometimes enlivened with a horse fight. The grounds vary from the village street strewn with rocks to polo grounds with decent turf. The grounds have loose stone walls about two foot high down the sides and playing off the walls forms quite a feature of the game.

The game consists of two twenty-minute chukkers, played on the same pony. As in the rules of ancient Iran, the play is started with a "tambuk." The tambuk consists in one player, usually the most important person in the side, taking the ball in his stick hand and galloping from his goal end down the field; on reaching the half-way line he throws the ball in the air and strikes it before it touches the ground. They have wonderful eyes and seldom miss the ball.

When a goal is scored the squeals are deafening, should the band favour the scoring side. An odd feature of the game is that any player may, should he be brave enough, catch the ball and score by riding through or throwing the ball through the goal. A player holding the ball may be tackled by anyone and a form of rugby on horseback ensues till the player holding the ball is thrown or drops the ball, when the game proceeds in the normal way.

It is rare for the holder to get away with the ball unless he is on a really fast pony and gets a start. In a game where life and limb are of no consequence, the back invariably rides across the holder with the sole intention of bringing him down.

Don't be vague
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NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

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INSPIRATION

By JOHN KENT

IF Puppy Karfax had been just a little older, or even a little younger, he might have been able to laugh at himself and forget Janine in the interests of soldiering.

But by so doing he wouldn't have found salvation, and although in some circumstances laughter may be better than salvation, in India, where both are at a premium, salvation is perhaps the more essential.

There was every excuse for Puppy. Greater men than he had counted the world well lost for Janine. And Puppy had known her ever since he could remember, although his thoughts boggled at those early memories, because Janine was six years his senior, and the difference between ten and sixteen is far more formidable than the difference between eighteen and twenty-four. But at the mature age of nineteen, Puppy felt he had almost caught Janine up.

Then, as is inevitable with the women we worship in our youth, Janine married. And because Janine had gone out to join her husband, Sir Christopher Danworth, in India, Puppy, who had just passed out of Sandhurst, applied for the Indian Army "only to be near her." This, as reasons go, was about the low record. Plenty of young men join the Indian Army because they think active service will be more entertaining than manœuvres, or just for a peep at the illusory bubble of reputation, but to be near Janine was all that inspired Puppy Karfax, and it was a bad start to his career.

Still, he managed to enjoy himself in the new atmosphere of responsibility and freedom, and his Colonel was satisfied till the time came for Puppy's first leave. Once more Janine unwittingly took a hand in the boy's affairs. She was in Simla, and Puppy applied to go there for ten days.

Now Simla is the summer capital of our Indian Empire. Every April, when the heat in Delhi becomes unbearable, the Viceroy and the Government and Army Headquarters move their offices up to the little town perched jauntily on the edge of the Himalayas. And the Simla season, from April to October, is very gay indeed and no environment for a newly-joined subaltern officer, who, for his first leave, should pack a gun-case, a hog spear or a few fishing-rods, rather than a tail-coat and a pair of dancing-shoes. Commanding officers feel, and rightly, that riding pig or sitting up for tiger may possess a good many of "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," but they are not half so dangerous as the slings and arrows of outrageous Cupid, and married officers are anathema in the Service.

Puppy had only been in Simla a few hours when he received an invitation from the A.D.C.-in-Waiting to a dance at Viceregal Lodge that evening. "I'll send the card around at once," the A.D.C. explained over the telephone, "but I was told to get you along. Lady Danworth's orders. She's coming to-night, and says she knows you and wants to meet you again."

It seemed odd to hear Janine called "Lady Danworth." Puppy had never thought much about Sir Christopher Danworth. Janine had married, and that was all there was to it so far as he had been concerned.

Lady Danworth; well, he'd meet her that night. . . .

And when at last she stood before him, slim, perfectly poised and with that unforgettable twinkle in her grey eyes, Puppy experienced some difficulty with his breathing. He'd not only caught up with her; he'd passed her, for she looked about seventeen. Yet she was the Janine he'd known and remembered, though somehow subtly different. There was a quaint little air of dignity about the tilt of her rounded chin, and she seemed to have acquired an elusive fragrance since he had last seen her.

"Lady Danworth . . ." he stammered.

She pouted. "Janine."

"Janine, may we dance?" She nodded her bright head. "This one?"

It was, praise the Lord, a waltz. The Big Apple or the Lambeth Walk would have seared that fleeting minute.

That little trick she had of rising on the toes of her tiny shoes as he put his arm round her—how well Puppy remembered it! And her dancing, like the dawn wind. . . .

"Puppy, dear, you haven't altered at all. Except," she added quickly; knowing something of young men, "that you've got ever so much older, of course."

When the shortest dance within Puppy's memory was over, he asked for another, but she had only one left, and that was towards the end of the evening. Puppy, who would willingly have waited till the end of eternity to dance with her again, booked it. Then, feeling it would be sacrilege to dance with anyone else, he drifted to the bar. And there the A.D.C., hunting up partners for his "wallflower-bed," found him.

"Saw you dancing with Lady Danworth," said the A.D.C. cheerfully, as though, Puppy thought, he was mentioning some quite commonplace occurrence. "She's an old friend of yours, isn't she?"

"Knew her since she was so high," Puppy agreed, omitting to mention, however, his own height at that particular period of their friendship. "Long before she met Sir Christopher. What's he like, by the way? I've never seen him."

"Danworth?" The A.D.C. shed his superciliousness like a mantle. "He's the salt of the earth. One of the grandest men who ever served in this benighted country. Won the Kadir Cup last year, played polo for India at Hurlingham, plus two at golf and, incidentally, collected one of the best V.C.s given in the war. Last winter he bagged a left and right tiger down in Bengal: walked 'em at that. No sitting up in *machans* for Sir Christopher Danworth, V.C."

Puppy's annoyance turned to misery as the A.D.C.'s speech became more eulogistic. Only a man who could bag a left and right tiger was worthy to bag Janine. But when the A.D.C. left him, the unbounded optimism of youth came to his rescue. Perhaps, after all, Sir Christopher Danworth suffered from an Achilles' heel. He must be old—forty at least if he'd served in the war. Puppy had another drink. To hell with Sir Christopher! A couple of defunct tigers and a V.C. weren't going to spoil this perfect evening.

He remembered his dance. He had still about an hour to wait, so he wandered into one of the conservatories. He wanted solitude, and the place seemed deserted. Only when he paused on the threshold did he notice the couple beneath the orchid vine at the far end. Janine's back was towards him, but over her bare shoulder he could see the face of the man who held her. Yes, he must have been all of forty, but Janine didn't seem to mind. Nor could Puppy, in fairness, blame her.

The man's hair, greying at the temples, seemed to emphasise the deep tan of his lean face. The cluster of lines about his eyes betokened one who had lived much of his life in the open, beneath tropic suns. It was easy enough for Puppy to read his record in the steel-blue eyes which gazed down into Janine's upturned face. Here was the typical soldier; a prince among men, and born to lead in moments of emergency. Above all, a man worthy of the love of women—even of such women as Janine. And quite suddenly, Puppy felt ashamed.

He stood there, hating the picture they made, yet unable to tear himself away. They so obviously loved with a depth of passion only vouchsafed to the great ones of this earth.

Then Janine spoke: "Beloved," she whispered, in that husky voice which Puppy had longed to hear once more before that evening ended, "all the other dances shall be yours. But I must dance just once later on with this child. He is so naïve . . . perhaps he reminds me of you that first time we met, my sweet. . . ." She touched the man's firm mouth with the tip of a finger and laughed deliciously. "Three . . . four little minutes, and I will come back to you. Jealous, darling? He's gauche, just a kid and really rather funny, but I've promised. . . ."

"For four minutes, then. . . ."

They kissed as though the parting would be for four years. Puppy Karfax crept silently away. He did not even break their romance for four minutes, for he had collected his cloak and sword and left Viceregal Lodge before the band had

(Continued on page 454)



The supremacy of DUNLOP Tyres in world speed records and track and road racing, may seem of small importance to the average car-owner. Reflect, however, that it is these very tests that give DUNLOP experts the experience necessary to build into your DUNLOP tyres the safety and reliability for which the name DUNLOP is universally famous.

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WITH TEETH TO BITE THE ROAD

INSPIRATION—(Continued from page 452)

started playing the next dance. And from that moment he always thought of Janine as Lady Danworth, Sir Christopher's wife.

When, two days later, with the majority of his leave unexpired, he rejoined his regiment, his Colonel noticed with pleasure that Puppy was oddly quiet. He did not know the cause, but he felt that Simla hadn't agreed with the boy, which was all to the good. He suspected some woman was at the back of it, but he hoped he'd now got it out of his system and would settle down as so many had done before him. But Puppy's silence did not last.

Reaction set in. Disappointment jostled reverence aside, and Puppy became embittered. He was only fretting at his own inexperience, but the process was complicated by the memory of that scene in the conservatory. He became reckless. The sedate game of polo he used to play became foolishly daring and, eventually, dangerous. The Colonel was worried. A young officer's neck is his own affair, but the knees of a polo pony are a matter for general concern. Also, Puppy's mess-bill indicated that he was developing a precocious taste for brandy. The Colonel took Puppy aside and talked to him seriously, and the boy turned surly, which was a very bad sign indeed.

So when volunteers were asked for to join a regiment which had been badly mauled on the Frontier, the Colonel ran his eye down the list (which included the name of every eligible officer) and selected Puppy. He felt that a little hard scrapping near the Khyber would repolish the steel that Simla seemed to have rusted.

It may have been drastic, but it was wise. The Khyber should have put Puppy right in a few weeks but for the brandy and one slight incident. And even the incident wouldn't have mattered if Puppy hadn't been suffering from moods. But when, almost the first night with his new regiment, he heard an officer talking about Janine Danworth, he felt a sudden sensation of desperation: a kind of claustrophobia, for it seemed he could not escape from that lady, even here.

He stumbled away from the group of officers, seeking the privacy of his tent. But he could not bring himself to enter it, for a photograph of Janine stood on the empty ammunition-box which served for his dressing-table, and he dreaded lest the look in her eyes, into which he had at first read tenderness, but which had lately turned to mockery, should now express contempt. He was nineteen and took things very seriously: even trivialities, like drinking brandy.

So he paused in the starlight, by the stone breastwork which skirted the camp's perimeter, and mumbled a prayer for release from the seven devils of self-abasement which were now driving him night and day. And because it is exceedingly foolish to stand in an exposed position by starlight on the North-West Frontier, his prayer received an answer prompt enough even for Puppy's fuddled brain.

The enemy snipers seldom get so inviting a target as Puppy provided, and the tribesmen made the most of it. One bullet fanned his cheek, and another struck the top of the parapet and sent splinters of stone into his face. Without waiting for further proof of the efficacy of prayer, Puppy dropped flat behind the wall. The sniping developed into a fusillade which lasted through the night. And towards dawn headquarters decided to put an end to it by a formal attack on the enemy positions on the far hillside.

Puppy moved out with the supporting troops at a little after four on a chilly morning, and by then he was in no condition for heroism or heroics. While he was waiting for the leading troops to carry the first objective he began to feel resentful at having instinctively avoided those earlier bullets. He needn't have worried at this lost opportunity, for the accuracy of the enemy's shooting was surprising headquarters, and they had sent a staff officer forward to reconnoitre the position from a flank.

Puppy's mood should have made him reckless: instead, it made him introspective. And there is no worse prelude to battle than introspection. Knowing this, but being very young, he turned for solace to brandy. His men were established and only waiting the order to attack, so he got behind a rock and groped in his haversack for his flask. The dose he had taken before he left camp had died on him, and he was feeling desperate. He pulled out the flask and found it empty.

For a while he sat there miserably. "Gauche, just a kid and really rather funny," he muttered. What did anything

matter? He'd plumbed the depths. Brandy might have helped him to try and climb out of them: lack of it made him decide to plumb a little deeper. With a glance to make sure that his men were too preoccupied to notice his movements, Puppy crept away to the right, out of reach of the flying bullets. By the time he encountered the staff major who had been sent out to reconnoitre, Puppy was beginning to feel the first stirrings of shame. But when the Major put down his binoculars and spoke to him, he realised it was too late; he had no right to be in that place at that time.

Fortunately for Puppy, although the Major was a hard-bitten soldier who had seen plenty of fighting during his service, he hadn't forgotten his own experiences when he first came under fire. He had seen young men drift aimlessly to a flank on one or two occasions since then, but the phenomenon is rare and the majority recover in time, when the heart, ashamed of its temporary sanctuary in the mouth or the boots, automatically re-orientates itself. So he looked at Puppy shrewdly and diagnosed either a case of neurasthenia or dead alcohol.

He pushed his own flask over and watched. Puppy drank sparingly, and the Major was relieved. If it had been neurasthenia the boy would have emptied the flask.

"Well?" said the Major when Puppy thanked him and handed back the flask, "what's the trouble?" It may have been the brandy or the sympathy in the Major's voice; probably it was a combination of both. Anyhow, Puppy, for the first time since he'd left Simla, unburdened his mind in a spate of words which, in normal circumstances, he wouldn't have loosed on his most intimate friend.

He told the Major of Janine. He confessed to his feelings of meanness at the sight of that well-matched couple in far-away Simla. He enlarged on the shock of hearing those words about himself, and on the feeling of inferiority that glimpse of perfect happiness had given him. And when, vastly relieved, he stumbled into an apology for inflicting his worries on a stranger, the Major brushed it aside.

"You've got this thing all wrong," he explained. "You thought this Lady Danworth . . . Janine . . . or whatever you call her, has in some way failed you as an inspiration. Why? Just because she's found happiness. Actually, unreciprocated love should be a greater inspiration to you than achievement. The Chinese say 'It is better to travel than to arrive.' If this Janine person is a guiding flame to you, why turn her into a pillar of salt? To rub into the wound in your personal pride? Isn't that faintly childish? Dammit, old son," the Major went on, becoming almost lyrical as he warmed to his theme, "think of all the great love-stories of the world."

He paused, trying to think of one or two to support his argument. He thought of several but discarded them hastily. Paolo and Francesca, Antony and Cleopatra, and Romeo and Juliet didn't seem to help much as illustrations. Even the fair Helen, whose face had launched a thousand ships, had managed to wreck a good few in the process. Besides, the Major couldn't decide if he should couple her immortal name with Menelaus or Paris.

He was about to try a fresh cast, when Puppy suggested: "Like Nelson and Emma Hamilton?"

"Well, not exactly," said the Major, "but that's the general idea. You see, the love of a good woman has been the inspiration of successful men all down the ages. You're not big enough to alter the precedent, or are you?"

Puppy looked into the Major's smiling eyes. He was standing erect now. "I'm not, sir," he said, "but I'm going to prove that I'm big enough to follow it."

"Stout lad!" said the Major. Then he glanced at the little puff balls of white against the lightening eastern sky where the mountain guns were bursting shrapnel over the enemy position prior to the general assault. "And now's your big chance. Go ahead, and think Janine is watching you. . . ."

The Major sat gazing at the departing back of the man he had re-created. Then he knocked out his pipe and reached for his binoculars. "Poor kid!" he muttered. "The sight of her happiness when he stumbled on those two must have shaken him like blazes." He laughed with a faint touch of bitterness. "So Lady Danworth . . . Janine . . . was enjoying herself as ever in that conservatory at Viceregal Lodge."

Then: "Hell! If my wife can't be faithful, she might at least be circumspect," murmured Major Sir Christopher Danworth as he resumed his watch on the battle.



FORESTALLS

but

SHELL for GO

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL



THE BULT WELLS C.C. v. THE SOUTH WALES HUNTS

There was a very close finish in this match which is more or less an annual fixture, and which, let us hope, will long continue so to be in spite of all the present surrounding circumstances. The South Wales Hunts won by 2 runs, with only three minutes to go!

The names of the combined teams in the above group are, l. to r.: Back row—G. C. Evans (umpire), T. Prothero-Beynon, L. E. W. Williams, R. A. Byass, H. A. Caccia, O. Davies, H. Price, D. Gibson-Watt, F. A. Saunders, O. Deans, V. Pugh, Capt. D. Rhys, Brian Davies, E. R. Davies (umpire); Middle row—Capt. M. Phillips, Capt. Pritchard, Major J. Gordon Jones, Sir Geoffrey Byass, F. J. Anthony, W. Spencer Miles, C. E. Dixon, R. J. Norbury, J. L. Roberts; Front row—J. Brooks, J. N. D. Shufflebotham, B. Powell, D. Glascodine (scorer), C. Price

Over Six Miles a Minute!

STUCK out in the extreme snout of his twin 1250-h.p. Napier aero-engined, turtle-shaped car, designed by Reid Railton, John Cobb has flashed over the Utah salt-beds at the fantastic speed of nearly 369 m.p.h. In most world speed land record attempts, a gain of a mile or two per hour is considered good enough, so that a jump of some 11 m.p.h. over Captain Eyston's record is a most amazing and exceptional achievement.

I'm told that spectators were chiefly impressed by the remarkable way in which the car gathered speed. Doubtless this was due to its four-wheel drive. For in this design, one of the engines drives the independently sprung front wheels, and the other the rear. There are no radiators, the motors being cooled by ice water and fitted centrally. Another interesting point is that the car is about half the weight of Eyston's "Thunderbolt."

According to my records, John Cobb is an old Etonian, a fur broker, holds the Brooklands lap record at 143½ m.p.h., stands 6 ft. 2 in. high, and weighs 16 stone.

And What Good Does It Do?

The fossilised and feeble may see no good in these ventures in velocity. But when, even in the midst of a world-shattering crisis, Cobb's performance on land, and Campbell's 140-odd m.p.h. water speed record on Coniston top the main news pages of the national Press, it shows we're waking up to their true value.

And what is their value? Firstly, as a great national advertisement, for our engineering technique. And the fact that these records are achieved by private enterprise and not with Government support, as in other countries, adds further to their prestige value. Secondly, they are a stimulus to go out and do things, a

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

glorious example of living dangerously, as opposed to the grandmotherly safety-first doctrine. Whether the attempt fails or succeeds makes little difference. Its value lies in the fact that man has tried to do something that's never been done before. So, in their own way, the speed men of Coniston and

Salt Lake Flats are just as worthy of honour and glory as the explorers of the Poles or the climbers of Everest.

Murder at Midnight.

Mention of John Cobb's fur-broking business reminds me that I slew a badger late the other night. I was tooling along at 50 when a largish object tried to dash across the road. Half-way, there was a sickening thud, the car trembled for an instant, and then flew on. Investigation by headlight revealed a full-size badger bumped-off by the bumper. Having put the animal into the boot, I continued my way with an unaccountable guiltiness, similar, perhaps, to what I should feel had the load been human. The question then arose as to what to do with the beast. For years I

had promised myself the biggest and bushiest badger shaving-brush in the world, but had never been able to afford such a luxury. But now this hedge-sent opportunity had arrived, and I could fulfil my need. So the poor old badger is being made into one giant brush and a lot of little ones, which I shall distribute at Christmas. If there's anything over, a badger cap with suitable ear-flaps will start a new fashion in motoring headgear.

Humane Postscript.

Luckily, I killed this badger, but had it been wounded and fierce, an expert would have caught hold of its tail and, having thus rendered it innocuous, hit it over the head with the wheel-spanner or jack.



A WOLSELEY AND OWNER OUTSIDE THE CASINO AT CABOURG

In spite of the strained condition in International affairs, many English motorists took their holidays abroad in the earlier part of August. Here are Mrs. W. M. W. Thomas, wife of the Managing Director of Wolseley Motors, and another lady, and their Wolseley drop-head 25-h.p. coupé. Cabourg is a pleasant little resort on the coast of Normandy



25hp Special Drop-head Coupé



This is the ideal all-the-year-round car. It combines the comfort of a closed saloon with the advantages of the open body. Performance is quite phenomenal — high maximum speed and terrific acceleration — yet the car is smooth and docile in traffic.

There is plenty of room at the back in

spite of a short wheelbase which, incidentally gives the car amazing cornering qualities. The hood seals tightly, and with the closely fitting winding windows ensures complete weather protection. Yet there is no feeling of being cooped up, as the quarter lights function independently. The body lines are exceedingly graceful.

Politely envious eyes will follow your passing in this car and form a flattering estimate of the owner's judgment.

The price — £498 is very reasonable. Equipment includes Dunlop tyres, Triplex glass and Jackall jacks.

Wolseley cars are manufactured by Wolseley Motors Ltd., at Ward End, Birmingham, 8, distributed in London by Eustace Watkins Ltd., of Berkeley St., W.1., and exported by M.I.E. Ltd., Oxford.

by WOLSELEY

AIR EDDIES

By
OLIVER STEWART

Strength.

WHETHER, by the time these notes appear, there will be war or peace no one knows at the time I am writing them. Whether our air force is larger or smaller than that of Germany no one knows. But this much is certain—and it applies whatever may be the outcome of the dreadful situation that has been deliberately worked up during the past few months—that the men who compose the Royal Air Force to-day are as good as any upon whom the country has ever in the past had to call in time of emergency. I have had the opportunity lately of learning something about the work that has been done by the officers and men of the R.A.F. during what may be called the period of intensive preparation, and I must say that as a result I am as confident that they will acquit themselves well as they are themselves—and their confidence is considerable.

They are well trained and well equipped, and they seem to embody the essential combination of the team spirit with individual enterprise and initiative. It is this combination that succeeds in the air, so far as all experience up to the present indicates. To get the best out of English pilots, you must train them to work as a team and then give them frequent scope to work as individuals. This is roughly the plan on which our training in this country has been done.

The Next Step.

One other point can be discussed with profit at this time of strain: it is the subsequent period of aeronautical reconstruction. Whether there is peace or war, much damage has already been done to aviation by the concentration upon the military side. And whether there is peace or war, the time must eventually come when that concentration must be swung over to the civil side. There seem to be two ways of setting about this change of direction: one is to taper off the manufacture of military aeroplanes and hope that civil flying will build itself up somehow; the other is to undertake a big programme of Government-sponsored civil aviation development.

I personally feel that commercial aviation ought to aim at "flying by itself," to use the much-used and much-abused phrase introduced by Mr. Winston Churchill. I think that it is only when flying can offer something sufficiently valuable to attract enough money from the public to make it an economic proceeding, that it will establish itself firmly. I can never see the good in subsidies except as a means of tiding over difficult times, or as a means of building up military strength. So if wars and dangers of wars are ever eliminated, the aim should be to produce an aviation which is truly economic.

The Method.

A start could be made by swinging over the aircraft-makers to civil machines in steps, and by, swinging them over at the same time, from series production to individual production. In other words, each company, instead of being a vast mass-production machine, would become in effect a huge experimental establishment, making many different types, trying all kinds of novelties. We should then almost certainly arrive at the civil aeroplane with good aerodynamic efficiency and also with good economic efficiency; it would be able to fly fast, far and safely, and it would be able to obtain a return, in passenger and mail fares, capable of meeting its operating costs and

allowing an adequate margin for profit.

This way of diverting makers from military production to civil production would enable the necessary tapering of the industry to take place without serious evil results. Obviously the problems of adjustment are many and difficult; but so long as the view is held that civil aviation can be a substitute for military aviation and not just an offshoot of it, there is a chance that the change could be effected without enormous losses and hardships. But all this is speaking of events which—at the time of writing—seem very far away indeed. Meanwhile, the need is intensification of military production. Only the machine can counter the damage which the machine seems to have done.

Lighter Stuff.

And now, perhaps, it may be permissible, in spite of the gravity of the situation, to turn by way of relief to the lighter side of flying, the side which uses lighter aeroplanes for lighter purposes in a more light-hearted way. There is that delightful-looking Train-engined Chilton monoplane, for instance, with a really healthy top speed yet small power. The Train is a French engine in the 40-50-h.p. group which is earning a very good reputation. When I look at an aeroplane of the Chilton type I experience the desire to get in and try it, and that is the real test of the aeroplane that must make a market for itself through sheer appeal. The civil machine designed for the private owner is never going to sell unless it makes the person who looks at it want to fly it. There is also the difficult business of propaganda to be considered. In devising and in selling a small civil aeroplane to be bought by individuals with their own hardly-won hard cash, you must not only get the design right, but you must also let a sufficiently large number of people know you have got it right and why it is right.



Bassano

MRS. RONALD STRAUSS AND SON

A son, christened Derek Ronald, was recently born to the attractive wife of Mr. Ronald Strauss, who was Theodora Instone, daughter of Sir Samuel Instone, the colliery owner. Sir Samuel was also a pioneer of air transport in this country and formerly a director of Imperial Airways



AIR SERVICE TO FINLAND INAUGURATED

Yet another expansion of British commercial aviation enterprise was seen when this British Airways liner left Heston for Helsinki via Newcastle, Norway and Sweden last week. The photograph shows members of the crew in front of the plane: (l. to r.) Commander D. S. King, First Officer J. W. F. Beach, Radio Officer J. W. Elliott, Flight-Clerk B. R. Bryan, and Flight Engineer Bonici

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none at all, because it's entirely automatic. Ideal Central Heating is not a luxury beyond your means; fuel costs little and the reasonable installation charge can be paid by deferred payments.

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Lawn Tennis—(Continued from page 446)

majority of professions, if you are an expert in your particular line of country, you get suitably rewarded. Whereas most tennis professionals make a very bare living.

Some are lucky, I agree. Maskell, Jeffrey, Pearce, Kelly, and Leavold, of course, have jobs as good as their reputation. When Leavold is not at Great Fosters, he's spending the winter in the South of France. But, I repeat, he deserves his good fortune, because he is universally good tempered, and of how many men, tennis players or otherwise, could you honestly make such a premise? If I were rich, one of the first luxuries I should treat myself to would be a tennis professional, in constant attendance. Someone who *looked* frightfully good on court, but whom I could just beat, after a tremendous struggle. What a sop to my vanity, but what's the use of being a millionaire if you can't be sopped? My imagination swells. I would fill my house with tennis players at weekends. There would be a covered court, such as I have played on at Eaton, and a covered swimming bath, and sports stadium, all under the same roof, such as the guests of Mr. Howard Gould enjoy at Wallingford, and dozens and dozens of new balls, unlike the houses of some millionaires whom I could mention. (I always remember that keen player, Lady Leon, telling me of how on one occasion, when all the party on board the *Endeavour* were being fêted in America, their hosts led them out to a beautiful court, and their fellow guests settled themselves in comfortable chairs to watch the game, and lo and behold! *three* new balls were produced. On the first service, Dorothy Leon, through nerves, hit her return far into the bushes, and for the rest of the afternoon they had to make do with two balls. In the evening, they were expected to play bridge for fabulous points, and their host thought nothing of losing a hundred pounds, before they returned to the yacht.) And then the guests. If only all the people one wanted to mix up together in a house party would be willing to appear on the same weekend. If only one could ask any one one liked, irrespective of whether one knew them or not, the only stipulation being that they must be as keen on the game as oneself!

Once more my imagination soars. There would be a few of the regulars, of course. Kay Stammers, because she is just as decorative off the court, as she is on it, and Phyl Satterthwaite, because she gives an aura of drama to every set she plays in, and Valerie Scott (whom I must congratulate on her magnificent victory over Sarah Palfrey in the Wightman Cup), because she has such charming manners and is an extremely sensitive and cultured young woman, and Susan Noel,

because she is as keen on bridge as I am, and plays a very good game, too, and Mrs. Shepherd-Barron, because she never gives a condescending performance when she is asked to play with a partner vastly inferior to herself. And, of course, the party wouldn't only consist of stars. At least, not only of tennis ones, I mean. There would certainly be plenty of stars of other firmaments.

Noel Coward, for instance and Beverley Nichols, who are both "mad" about the game—I would back Beverley in a single, for Noel has been known to have such a large hole in his racket that the ball seemed to go right through it—and Willie Maugham and Michael Arlen, for their singles on the Riviera are more than famous already, and Vic Oliver, because every party needs a compère, and Lord Iliffe, because he is marvellous at keeping the ball in play, and that goes for conversation, too. And then there are husbands and wives. First on my list would be the Pollingtons. He covered himself with glory by defeating the American ranked player, O. Anderson, at Scarborough the other day and followed it up by taking eight games off Delofoord. He is a keen and vastly improving player, and his wife, Josephine Pollington, jokingly plays the part of a tennis widow to perfection. The last time she appeared on court herself, I succeeded in hitting her at the net, in no uncertain place, with my first return of service.

It would not have mattered so much had I done the same thing to her partner on that occasion, for it was that massive tower of strength, Cyril Tolley, whom I hope would accept my invitation for the weekend, too. And Cam Malfroy, to give some pep to the party, and Jack Lysaght, complete with his monkey Pepito, who can be relied on to cause a distraction, if the atmosphere becomes electric. But, of course, it wouldn't, because I should only have nice people in my house, like the Birkenheads, and the Macpherson-Grants, and Alice Marble to croon after dinner, and Sir Samuel Hoare, praise be, just to prove to us that things must be better or he wouldn't have been able to leave Downing Street for the whole weekend!

Forgive me for trying to joke, right up to the last. It was well meant, and if by this time next week, we *have* to be more concerned with bullets and bombs than tennis balls and tournament results, well, I still believe that there will be a tomorrow, when once more the tennis courts of the country will be marked out and men and women in white flannels will stroll, laughing over the green, unblasted earth.

And if the boys with the funny columns like to quote that, too, against me, who cares.

GODFREY WINN



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Dorothy Wilding
MISS ELIZABETH BROOKE

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Brooke, of Scunthorpe, who is engaged to Mr. M. J. Turnbull. Mr. Turnbull is a well-known sportsman, being a Welsh Rugby and Hockey International and South Wales Squash Rackets champion

Recently Engaged.

Dr. W. E. Young, son of Sir C. Alban Young, Bt., K.C.M.G., and Lady Young, of Oxford, and Mary, second daughter of the late Rev. J. Macdonald, and the late Mrs. Macdonald, of Tonguem, Sutherlandshire. The Ven. G. W. Dickson, Archdeacon of Chota Nagpur, India, son of the late Canon W. A. Dickson, and of Mrs. Dickson of Fahan House, Fahan, Co. Donegal, and Norah, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chatterton, of Kilgarron, Enniskerry, Co. Wicklow; Captain J. W. A. Lewis, 4th Prince of Wales's Own Gurka Rifles, son of Mr. Reginald Lewis and Mrs. Lewis, of Lavender Cottage, Bracknell, Berks., and Muriel Florence Padua, second daughter of the late H. W. Robinson, of Mawley, Cleobury Mortimer, and Mrs. Robinson, of Stroud Court, Eynsham, Oxon.; Captain G. E. Cave, Royal

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Some Weddings This Month.

On September 9, the marriage will take place between Mr. A. L. B. Hay, Education Department, Nigeria, youngest son of the Rev. G. H. and Mrs. Baron Hay and Mary Reece Wood, Grove End Road, N.W., younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Wood, of Sheffield. On the 19th, the Hon. William Phillips is marrying Lady Jean McDonnell at Godalming Parish Church, and on the 29th is the wedding of the Rev. J. C. Dunham, vicar of Ansley, Warwickshire, and Alethea Eva de Clare Marshall, youngest daughter of the late W. N. Marshall, M.R.C.S. and Mrs. Marshall, of Newent, Glos.

* * *



MISS CAMILLA PARKER

Whose engagement was recently announced to Sir Lionel Francis Phillips Bart., only son of the late Capt. H. Phillips. Miss Parker is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Parker, of Chapel Street, S.W.1

Artillery, only son of his Honour Judge Edward Cave, K.C., and Mrs. Cave, of Dale House, Blandford, Dorset, and Josephine, only daughter of Mr. Harmon Spencer Auguste and Mrs. Ralph Seward Allen, of New York; Dr. R. E. Steen, M.D., Fitzwilliam Place, Dublin, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Steen, of Mountsandel, Carrickmines, Dublin, and Elizabeth Margaret, daughter of Sir Ernest Cochrane, Bt., and of Elsa Lady Cochrane;

Mr. J. Addington, eldest son of Major the Hon. Raymond and Mrs. Addington, of Highway Manor, Calne, Wilts., and Barbara Mary Angela, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Rochford, of Rosemount, Sunningdale, Berks.; Mr. T.

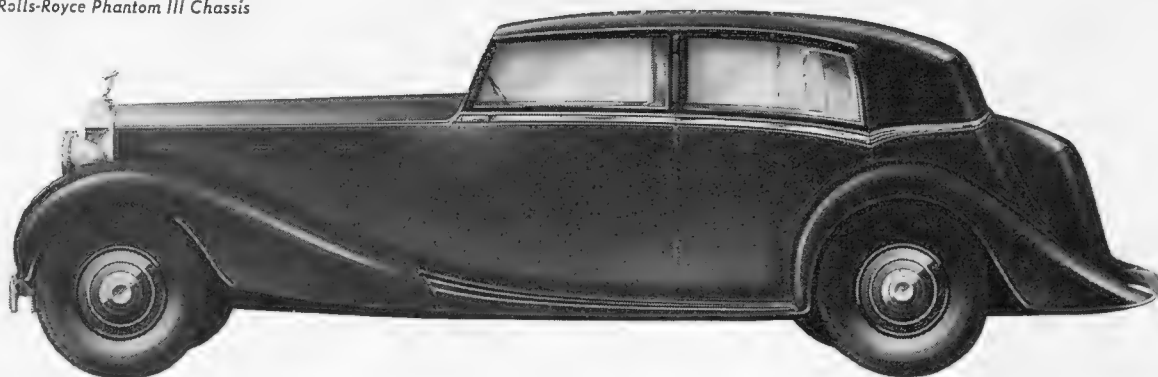
Haddon, The Border Regiment, son of the late Major J. T. Haddon, and of Mrs. Haddon, of Hamilton Lanarkshire, and Clodagh, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. B. Russell, of Silverwood, Camberley, and of the late Hon. Mrs. Russell; Mr. L. G. Fox, of Nairobi, Kenya, younger son of Mr. J. W. Fox and the late Mrs. Fox, and Audrey Patricia, youngest daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Kimber, of Hitcham Place, Burnham; Lieutenant M. W. Watson, R.N., son of the late Dr. and Mrs. C. F. Watson, of Churt, Surrey, and Christina Mary, daughter of Sir Horace and Lady Dawkins, Curry Rivel, Somerset; Mr. R. W. M. Hartland-Mahon, The Queen's Royal Regiment, only son of Captain R. F. Hartland-Mahon, R.N., and Mrs. Hartland-Mahon, of Matham Manor, Molesey, Surrey, and Joan Sheila, only daughter of Sir Digby and Lady Drake-Brockman.



Cannons
MISS HELEN CAMPBELL

The daughter of Sir John Campbell, K.C.M.G., C.S.I., I.C.S. (retd.), who is engaged to Major Robert Shaw-Hamilton, Royal Artillery, eldest son of the late W. J. Shaw-Hamilton, of County Armagh, and of Mrs. Shaw-Hamilton

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The HIGHWAY of Fashion

BY M.E. BROOKE



KNITWEAR—how different it is from a few years ago; all monotony has been banished, and it is designed on flattering and slimming lines. A visit to Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, will convince the most sceptical of this fact. Neck lines are different. There are those with a neat turn-over collar; again, there is the straight, with openings on the shoulders. A new note is struck with a pullover accompanied by a bolero, the latter of a contrasting colour but faced to match the former. Furthermore, there is an infinite variety of cardigans and jumpers, the latter fitting neatly at the waist and across the shoulders

Pictures by Blake

IT is a Newquay knitted suit that is seen above. It consists of a double-breasted coat, with a flower that is an integral part of the scheme. The skirt is pleated, but no fullness is permitted until the hips are passed, and the price of the suit is 94s. 6d., very pleasant when the quality is considered

AVERY important feature of the dress at the top of the page on the right is the "pleating," so arranged that not a fraction of an inch is added to the silhouette. It is a study in wine shades. Yellow and black are present in the check coat and skirt on the right. The jacket is double breasted





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Just LOVELY

THE strenuous life of modern times has created a vogue for things lovely and artistic to be worn when the sun has set and women must relax. Jenners, Princes Street, Edinburgh, appreciate this fact and are showing a wondrously beautiful collection of negligées and wrappers which are sure to prove formidable rivals to the house-coat. It is pale pink satin which makes the wrapper on the left. This is reinforced with a loose lining of lace wool, and trimmed with pale blue roses of rich ribbon, and of it one may become the possessor for nine guineas. The other model is a study in blue and silver satin brocade, generously trimmed with marabou of the same shade, and the cost—well, it is twelve guineas. In striking contrast to these are the velvet wrappers lined with silk for 49s. 6d., while delightful gifts for convalescents are the breakfast jackets for 18s. 9d.



Picture by Blake



Beautiful Furs for Evening

FROM THE NEW
SEASON'S COLLECTION

Model coat of finest white Siberian Ermine with
flounce of silver fox.

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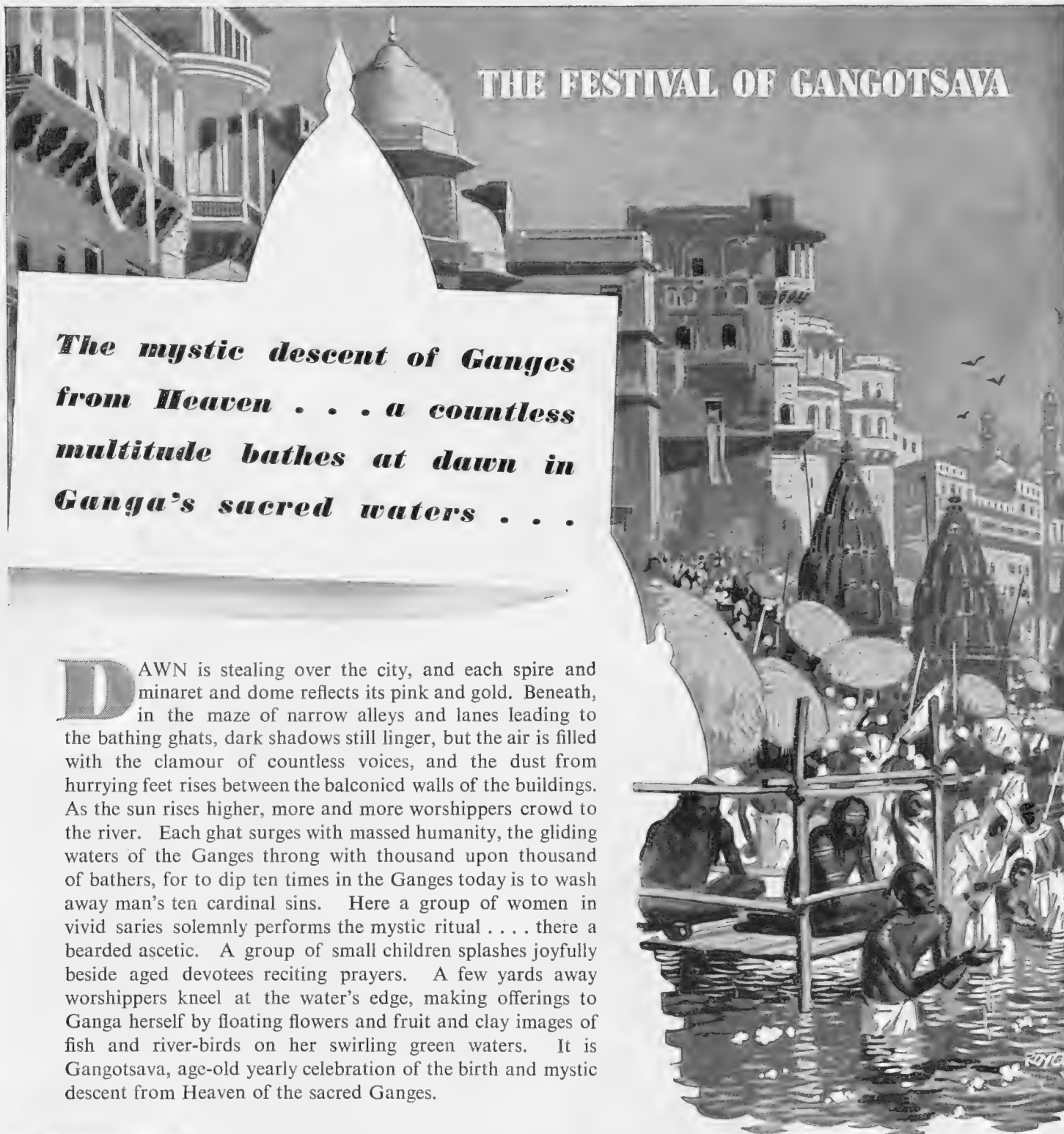
Open-air REALITY

THERE is news in the land of beauty. Gala, the Outdoor Girl's lipstick, now appears, in a fluted silver case, in a new colour called Ember, which is red with a dash of brown and blue in its base. It costs 2s. 3d., with refills for 1s. 3d. Merely sixpence is the Olive Oil Complexion Pack. It has a very beneficial effect on dry skins, for although it has astringent qualities it has sufficient vegetable oils to replace the natural oils lacking in a dry skin. Furthermore, it is endowed with the fragrance of eau de Cologne. The Matched Make-up sets are a veritable boon to the outdoor as well as to the indoor girl, as the contents create gala days and nights. They are in complete harmony, and although the price is only 2s. there is powder, rouge, lipstick and nail gloss. Too much cannot be said in favour of the "Four Purpose Cream," which cleans, nourishes, refines and holds powder. It has a very high percentage of natural vegetable oils and is of the consistency of whipped dairy cream; a very large pot only costs 2s. 6d. The Outdoor Girl is likewise responsible for a non-spill powder box. The box is fitted with a hole and removable cork; remove the latter, tap the box gently on the back and pour out the exact amount of powder needed. When the cork is replaced the box is absolutely leak proof. All the Outdoor Girl preparations have a certain amount of olive oil in their composition. They are sold practically everywhere, but should there be difficulty in obtaining them application must be made to Crystal Products, 5 Brunel Road, W.3

Picture by Blake



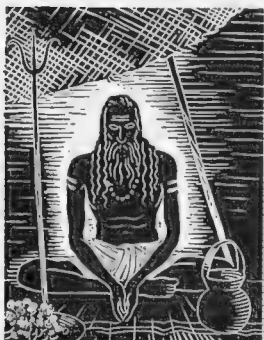
Once in your life see the glory of India



THE FESTIVAL OF GANGOTSAVA

***The mystic descent of Ganges
from Heaven . . . a countless
multitude bathes at dawn in
Ganga's sacred waters . . .***

DAWN is stealing over the city, and each spire and minaret and dome reflects its pink and gold. Beneath, in the maze of narrow alleys and lanes leading to the bathing ghats, dark shadows still linger, but the air is filled with the clamour of countless voices, and the dust from hurrying feet rises between the balconied walls of the buildings. As the sun rises higher, more and more worshippers crowd to the river. Each ghat surges with massed humanity, the gliding waters of the Ganges throng with thousand upon thousand of bathers, for to dip ten times in the Ganges today is to wash away man's ten cardinal sins. Here a group of women in vivid saris solemnly performs the mystic ritual . . . there a bearded ascetic. A group of small children splashes joyfully beside aged devotees reciting prayers. A few yards away worshippers kneel at the water's edge, making offerings to Ganga herself by floating flowers and fruit and clay images of fish and river-birds on her swirling green waters. It is Gangotsava, age-old yearly celebration of the birth and mystic descent from Heaven of the sacred Ganges.



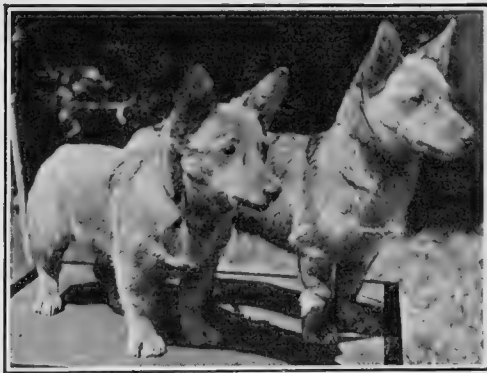
A holiday in India is unforgettable. There is so much to see, so much to do: excellent sport of all kinds, fascinating buildings and monuments, gorgeous scenery. There are strange festivals and ceremonies to watch, cities and towns to visit where the breath of Eastern magic lives on. Once in your life you must visit India.

INDIA

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or any authorised tourist agency.

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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES



CORGIS

Property of Miss Hawkins

interesting work or more attractive sight than a brace of highly-trained Pointers or Setters working on a moor. Every year more people take this sport up as its interest gets known. The Field Trial season proper came to an end on August 8 with the Championship Stakes. This was won by Lady Howe's Pointer, F. T. Champion Ginger of Rishangles. Mrs. Nagle had cruel luck, as her well-known trainer, Abbott, met with an accident which necessitated all her dogs being withdrawn. Mrs. Nagle is one of the best of sportsmen, and every one's sympathy will go out to her and to Abbott in having all their weeks of preparation and hard work ended like this. Better luck next time!

Though the Corgi is one of the newcomers to the show bench, that does not mean he is a new breed. Corgis have been known in Wales for many years, when they were bred to herd cattle. He is a very attractive dog of marked characteristics, he is also extremely intelligent and comes next to Alsations in obedience tests. Miss Hawkins has a well-known and successful kennel of Corgis. She also has a herd of Anglo-Nubian goats and all her puppies are reared on goats' milk. The photograph of the two she sends is a good advertisement for it. She usually has young stock both of goats and Corgis for sale.

The charming little King Charles Spaniel is fast coming into his own again. Why he was ever

When things seem to be about to vanish off the earth they have a way of coming round again. This has been the case with Pointers and Setters. A few years ago they seemed doomed to extinction, or at any rate only to be seen on the show bench. Now there has been a turn of the wheel, and it has been discovered how much would have been lost if the Pointer had gone. There is no more

ousted is one of the things no one knows. He is beautiful to look at, very intelligent and devoted, and of an ancient and honourable lineage. What more can you want? Mrs. Clayton Swan has a large kennel of King Charles Spaniels of all three colours. She has done very well indeed with them. All her dogs are brought up in the country, and lead healthy normal out-of-door lives, which makes them hardy and free of nerves. The photograph is of an entrancing family of black and tans. There are usually puppies of all three varieties for sale.

The Cairn Terrier can certainly quote the Canadian Boat Song, "From the dim shieling on the misty island, oceans divide us and a world of seas, but still the heart is true, the blood is Highland," as he remains quite unspoiled by his immense popularity, which literally stretches from the palace to the "Black" house. He is the most adaptable of dogs, always happy both in town and country, if he is with the one person who matters, as he is a one-man dog. He is also a great show proposition and so far is shown in a natural state, long may this be! Miss Viccars has a well-known and successful kennel of Cairns and sends a photograph of the latest success, Sir Rogue of Mercia, son of the famous Ch. Rogue. Sir Rogue has already won many prizes.

Miss Viccars always has puppies and youngsters for sale. There is no doubt that the specimens which she offers are the very finest of their type, and any one purchasing one of Miss Viccars's puppies will find that not only have they acquired a wonderful pal but also a fine bargain. If you are thinking of buying one write to the address below and you will be put in touch with Miss Viccars.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



CAIRN TERRIER

Property of Miss Viccars



KING CHARLES SPANIELS

Property of Mrs. Clayton Swan



FELT HATS FOR AUTUMN

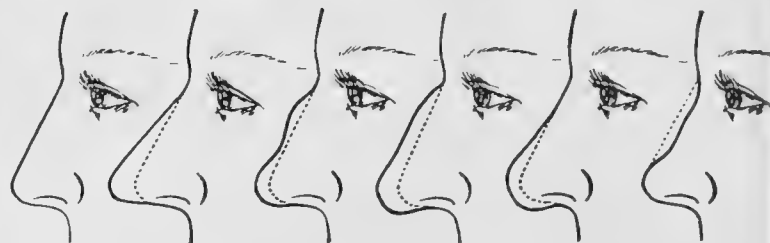
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Set 259. For semi-V neck 2'3½



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INVENTORY OF CLOTHES
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1 Pair of Trousers (Dark Blue) for Sundays	1	
1 Waistcoat (Dark Blue) for Sundays	1	
1 Jacket (Grey Flannel) for week-days	1	
1 Waistcoat (Grey Flannel) for week-days	1	
1 Pair of Trousers (Grey Flannel) for week-days	1	
1 Pair of Boots or Shoes (black)	1	
1 Pair of Leather Slippers	1	
1 Pair of Bedroom Slippers	1	
1 Dry Shirt (Flannel or other soft material)	1	
1 Pinafore	1	
1 Pair of Socks	1	
1 Pocket Handkerchief	1	
1 Soft Collar, or a larger number (Soft Collars are usually worn on week-days. They must be white or cream, without stripes or pattern)	1	
1 Starched Collar, or larger number (Starched collars should be worn on Sundays. They must be white without stripes or pattern)	1	
1 Under Vest	1	
1 Pair of Pants	1	
1 Overcoat (any quiet colour)	1	

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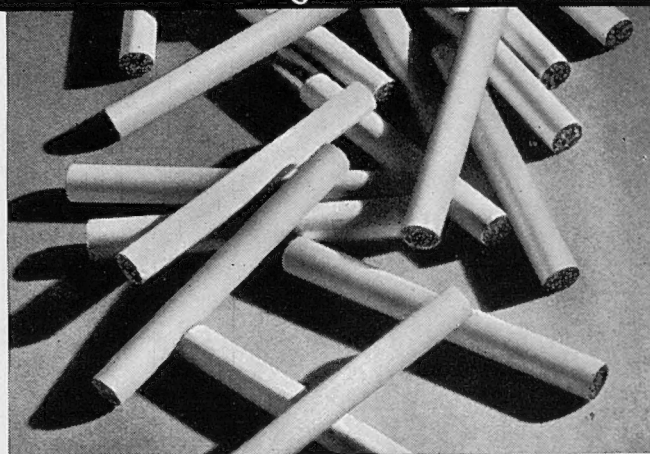
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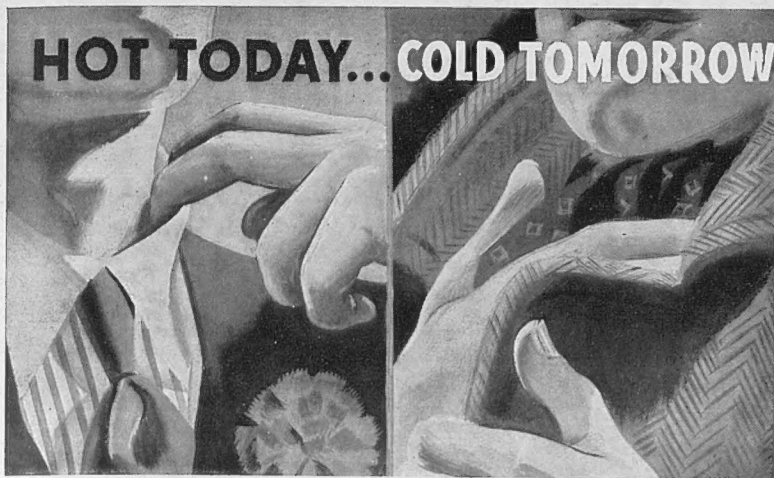
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